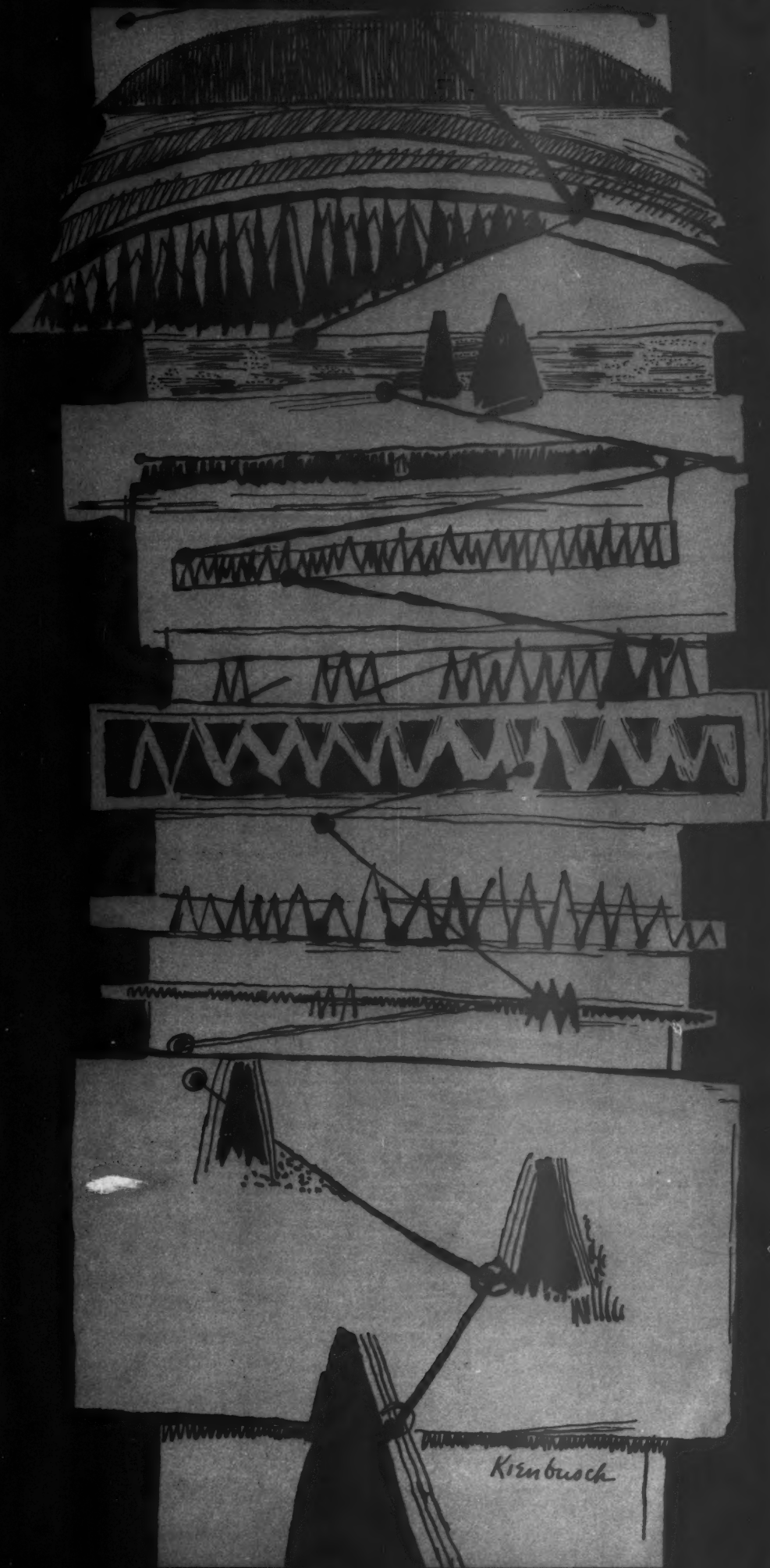


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## Letters

Quality  
To the Editor:

A few words with reference to your editorial titled "Toward a New Definition of Chauvinism" [ART Digest, Oct. 15].

You write that the Frenchman "doubts if there is any such thing as American art," and that you were upset to find, as the only American painting in the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris, one by Grandma Moses; you feel, that his is "a practical joke on an international scale."

It is certainly correct that the kind of contemporary American art which was sent to Europe in several exhibitions since the end of the war has met with little interest and even disapproval not only in Paris, but also in London, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. Yet I doubt that this attitude is merely caused by smugness or chauvinism. I believe that in the face of such continued negative response, we would do well to ask ourselves whether the kind of art that has been sent over can appear to Europeans as novel and interesting as it appears to itself. We should remember that the revolutionary turning away from naturalistic and traditional art forms started in Europe, and it started in the first decade of this century. At that time, expressionism and the tendencies to abstraction were indeed *vanguard art*, and some of the most talented artists attained creative heights which set the standards for our generation. Most of the "American vanguard artists" began to work 10 to 40 years later, and their works, naturally, show European influence. They have—in the opinion of Europeans—not contributed much of vital importance to the problems with which French, German, Italian artists had struggled long before them.

Entirely different has been the reaction to American art which does not show the European influence. I refer to the keen interest, even enthusiasm, that was widely expressed concerning the few examples of American so-called primitive art which have been sent to Europe. European critics have praised the originality, the sincerity, directness and quality of *The Peaceable Kingdom* by Edward Hicks, and of several primitive pictures from the Karolik collection, which are part of the exhibition "A Hundred Years of American Art," arranged by the American Federation of Arts and shown this year at the museums in Frankfurt, Munich and Hamburg. Likewise, great interest and approval was voiced by press and public for the paintings by Grandma Moses, not only in Vienna, Munich, Salzburg, Bern and The Hague, but also in "chauvinistic" Paris, where they were exhibited in 1950. The latter exhibition was probably responsible for the acquisition by the Musée d'Art Moderne of the painting *The Dead Tree* by this artist.

It is apparent that the Europeans acknowledge the significance of primitive art in America which had its beginnings in the frontier days, flowered in the 19th century, and has now reached a new height in the work of Grandma Moses. From my rather wide experience, I can say that a great many people in Europe are taking this art seriously, and rightly so, not—as some critics here seem to think—haughtily asking, "Is that all American art has to offer?"

The Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris is, as the name indicates, a state museum, dedicated chiefly to the collection of French art. As far as I know, it has never attempted to represent other countries comprehensively. The painting by Grandma Moses was purchased because the museum appreciated the quality of the work. I quote the words of M. Bernard Dorival, conservateur of the Musée d'Art Moderne, who writes: "*L'Arbre Mort de Grandma Moses est d'une qualité exceptionnelle, d'une harmonie limpide et pure tout-à-fait ravissante.*" We should, I think, be less concerned with programmatic titles and "labels"; in the end it is the quality that decides . . .

OTTO KALLIR, director  
Galerie St. Etienne  
New York, N. Y.

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William Kienbusch, who divides his time between New York and Maine, paints mostly in casein tempera. He exhibits at the Kraushaar Gallery in New York and teaches at the Brooklyn Museum School. In last year's Metropolitan Museum of Art exhibition of drawings, watercolors and prints his entry received one of the \$500 prizes.

# ART Digest

November 15, 1953

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November 15, 1953



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## Documents

### The Progress of Art in America

[Excerpts from an address presented by Francis Brennan, art advisor to the editor-in-chief of Time, Inc., at the 40th annual convention of the American Federation of Arts. The convention was held October 29-31 at the Corning Glass Center, Corning, N. Y.]

As free men and as Americans we keep repeating to each other, in one form or another, that criticism and reaction is the living, beating heart of all our constructive creation.

Yet I would say to you now that in spite of certain genuine achievements the American cultural scene is still crowded with massive challenges which through a deadly combination of apathy, ignorance, disinterest and lack of criticism are meeting with practically no response whatsoever.

Furthermore, I say this in the face of all the statistics which appear to indicate that the great American thirst for things artistic has doubled, trebled or even quadrupled in the past couple of decades. Such statistics are questionable anyway. For, relatively speaking, America's adult population has also increased enormously. To be specific, between the years 1950 and 1953 the increase was nearly nine-and-a-half million.

Now, naturally, I am aware that across the whole nation museum attendance has grown.

I know that symphonies and ballets in Texas, in California, in New York are nearly always sold out.

I know that traveling exhibitions circulate in ever-widening orbits.

That increasing thousands of amateur painters are now discovering the sweet agonies of picture making for themselves.

That more art reproductions of all kinds are being bought.

That better design in clothes, in furniture, in houses, in cars, in advertising, in fact in nearly all material things is available to the buying public whose design-consciousness grows almost perceptibly from day to day.

Yet as the challenge I would still ask these doubting questions:

Hypnotized by the speed and intensity with which we so characteristically pursue what we term a higher standard of living, are we not perhaps well on the way to achieving a mechanical triumph and a cultural failure?

Are we as a people truly and deeply concerned with the great and continuous influence of art in the practical conduct of our daily lives—or are we developing a dichotomy in which art becomes synonymous with common acquisition, with old-age retirement or with mere therapy and is thus self-consciously called upon simply to garnish our lives with superficial trinkets rather than to pour its vast constructive powers into our social and moral behavior?

Is this famous new interest in art of such enduring quality that it will survive the rigors of another economic depression and is it of such vitality that it is helping to mold in us the taste and the critical sinews necessary to defend ourselves adequately against the petty vulgarities of the pitch men as well as against the sordid onslaughts of demagogic politicians?

### The Arts as Our Ambassador

[Excerpts from an address presented at the American Federation of Arts convention by Andrew H. Berding, assistant director of the United States Information Agency. Established on August 1, this government agency is the first of its kind in American history. It is a foreign information agency, essentially independent, which reports directly to the President through the National Security Council.]

The arts of a country most truly express the spirit of a nation or period. Hence, if we are really to know a people, we must—among

Do our children and our adolescents get enough constant exposure to those esthetic disciplines which should start penetrating in the nurseries and continue—throughout the span of life—to be the basic disciplines . . .

These are solemn questions indeed and of course they cannot be answered directly.

But I do suggest that the simple act of asking them gives us a certain measure of America's present cultural health.

American industry, for example, in the still limited production of the still too few, beautiful and useful artifacts, appears to have benefited far more from the artist's genius than has the American conscience as a whole.

We can buy the artifacts all right but where is that great unified critical body that will rise up in civilized outrage against the injustice of discharging either an artist or a clerk for some minor youthful adherence to a now unpopular political alignment?

Or strictly in the realm of public esthetic, where is the body of critical, articulate, public opinion that can effectively object to the shoddy architecture going up in our cities, to pompous monuments planned for our mountain tops, to clumsy bridges across our rivers, to even the hideous stamps which travel abroad as ambassadors of our own apathetic bad taste? Or where is the corrective reaction to the degrading television programs which insult us right in our own living rooms—and so on and on through a long list of trash inflicted on us by commercial cynics whose basic necessity is to sell the people what they in their well-informed shrewdness conclude that the people demand?

Well, tragically, that great critical body does not now exist. It does not exist either in the people themselves or in the government the people elect. If it does exist, then it is off somewhere on an academic lost weekend talking gibberish to itself . . .

So, exactly here is the grand dilemma and the most mountainous challenge of all. We want something better. We need something better. But we don't get something better because we don't demand something better.

What is the solution?

The solution as always lies in raising the level of demand through raising the level of education. And because the all-powerful good taste is most readily formed by a harmonious and continuous exposure to the arts, then the surest means of obtaining an all-powerful body of critical opinion is to demand of our whole educational system that our children learn and continue to learn about the arts, not in easy-credit snap courses which can be quickly discarded for "more important subjects," but in long tough, disciplined and difficult study.

I hope I will not sound like an over-zealous missionary if I point out that an art which must survive on the requirements of commerce alone will be art in a desert.

If by default or indifference it should happen that the functioning of esthetic judgment in America is relegated to the narrow mandates of industrial productivity only, then I say the divine fire is fading and we shall have begun to decay before we have even blossomed . . .

other things—know their art, one of the highest expressions of human aspiration.

One of the gaps which has existed in our overseas information effort . . . has been in the field of art, particularly in the fine arts—painting, sculpture, and to a lesser degree, architecture.

It is little wonder that people consider us soulless if we show them only our industrial achievements, seldom our achievements of the spirit. And because it is typical of the American people to put the industrial foot forward—perhaps because we are sure of ourselves in that field—many people in other



## The Arts as Ambassador

continued

countries think of America in terms of skyscrapers, airplanes and deep freezers. . . .

Present-day Soviet art, as you well know, is not art at all; it is propaganda of the crudest sort—sheer perversion of their artistic heritage. The duty of the artist is to convey Party policy, and convey it in a manner prescribed by the Central Committee of the Party. All artists who attain success in the USSR belong to the Union of Soviet Artists. The function of this organization is to make sure that Party policy is carried out.

The style the Party has decided best serves its purposes is known as "Socialist Realism"—it combines conservative technique with an idealized approach to the Soviet scene. But an idealized approach to a society with no ideas is totally incompatible. And Soviet painting is almost indistinguishable from poster art. . . .

[The Soviets] have flourished propaganda-wise on denunciations of American art, art with which Europeans are so unfamiliar. We must admit that in this we have aided them materially by our neglect of the artistic front. . . .

That there is a very important role for art in furthering understanding of the United States abroad is clear. . . . The problem is, how far should the government go?

Last week President Eisenhower, on the advice of the National Security Council, which is the highest advisory body on the executive side of the government, gave the United States Information Agency a new mandate, as follows:

"The purpose of the United States Information Agency shall be to submit evidence to peoples of other nations by means of communication techniques that the objectives and policies of the United States are in harmony with and will advance their legitimate aspirations for freedom, progress and peace."

The President and the National Security Council stated that the above purpose is to be carried out. . . . "By delineating those important aspects of the life and culture of the people of the United States which facilitate understanding of the policies and objectives of the Government. . . ."

Now that makes it clear that we of the United States Information Agency are not interested in art for art's sake. We do not intend to embark on a vast program for spreading all and any American art abroad.

In sponsoring overseas exhibitions, and in providing money to assist in sending them overseas, we must keep in mind the objectives of the information program. Art sponsored by the United States Information Agency must serve the same purpose as press and publications, as books and libraries, as motion pictures, as radio. It must be a medium of communication, a means of interpreting American culture to other peoples.

As you know, the idea of official government art, turned out to a pattern by government-sponsored artists, is against everything that is American. Our concept of freedom not only permits, but encourages the artist to create whatever he wishes. But any activity into which the Government enters, and especially any activity for which the Government provides funds, must be truly representative of all American people.

Moreover, a government is by its very nature experimental art. We want to show the artistic nature and achievement of America in ways that all peoples abroad can understand.

This is not to say that we wish to follow the Soviet pattern of showing only art which idealizes the American scene by the technique of the calendar school of painting. But it does mean that our Government should not sponsor examples of our creative energy which are non-representational to the point of obscurity. . . . there are contemporary artists in this country, such as the late John Marin, whose works give a clear and valid expression of American culture which can be understood by all. . . .

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## The Reflective Eye by Otis Gage

### The Voice of Malraux

When André Malraux was 23 he went to Indo-China on an archeological expedition; after a year of pulling Khmer sculpture out of the jungle, he joined a local movement fighting for dominion status for Indo-China. Shortly after that he became a secretary of the Kuomintang, and later, propaganda commissioner in China during the Chinese Revolution. During the Spanish Civil War he organized an air corps for the Loyalists and flew 65 flights over enemy territory. In World War II he fought with the Maquis in the Dordogne, and became one of its ablest leaders. Since then he has been one of de Gaulle's principal advisors.

In a life of intense and far-ranging activity on every front where danger showed itself and where this century was being put on agonizing trial, Malraux has found time to write some seven novels which parallel his life and two of which can be called great; he has made a film on the Spanish Civil War, and in the last few years has written a series of pieces exclusively on matters of art. Chief among these is "The Voices of Silence," his vast survey of all of man's art, and the climactic work of his career.

Our century knows few men to whom the term "man of action" is more fitting than to Malraux; at the same time he is a prosodist, an artist of the novel and a humanist philosopher with few peers. But it is in his total position as man of action and thinking man—capable, responsible, *engagé*—that Malraux is absolutely without peer.

So that it is all the more surprising, in spite of his early training as an archeologist, that his latest energies should be consecrated to the field of art. For years he has occupied himself with man's fate on the political and social levels; now art seems to have become for him what he claims it has become for modern artists—and what religion was in the past—an absolute. In describing it his voice and language have the fervor of a devotee. After the turmoil and the tortures of the years and the wars, it is in the work of art that he finds the final evidence of "the power and glory of being Man."

He arrives at this position by no trance-like contemplation or submission, but by an exercise of intelligence and empathy to which his whole life and character seem to have been directed. "Hercules' mutilated torso," he says, "is the symbol of all the world's museums." Hercules', not Hermes'. Art is for Malraux the area of man's noblest struggle, of his victory over technique and tradition and self, and finally over Destiny. It is by a canon of conquest not by a canon of beauty that Malraux measures the work of man. In doing so he remains Malraux the fighter, abstracted beyond blood and exigency: art is "the song of history, not its news-reel."

- "The Voices of Silence" is a survey of art that ranges in time from the prehistoric cave-paintings of Lascaux to the studios of modern Paris, and in space over the whole surface of the globe, from the Pacific islands to Greece, Islam, Byzantium, Africa—wherever man

has fashioned things. Malraux's immense knowledge and electric intelligence enable him to relate works widely separated in time or space; to compare painting, sculpture, tapestry, stained glass and mosaic.

His method is not historical but topical; he has made a heady mixture of biography, history, philosophy and esthetics; of studied analysis, epigram, *aperçu* and poetic flight. Unique among writers on art, Malraux is neither a pedant nor a professor: ideas are living things for him. His involvement is that of the lover and the poet. As a result his writing on art has an originality, an enthusiasm and an intellectual excitement that lead the reader on as few novels are likely to do.

By a stunning juxtaposition of picture and picture, picture and text, he devel-



André Malraux

ops a study of the history of art that opens the way for what he calls the first universal culture. This work is the first evidence of that culture, and one of the magnificent fruits of our civilization.

- The book is in four sections. "The Museum Without Walls" deals with the imaginary museum, the museum of the mind that has been conjured up by the wealth of archeological and artistic findings now available to us, and available especially in the form of photographs. The theme here is that this wealth of material has broken down the barriers of time and cultures, has made unimagined comparisons possible, has intellectualized the interest in art and focused the attention on style *qua* style.

"The Metamorphoses of Apollo" traces the changes undergone by Greek art in Asia to the east and Europe to the west. It is a study in the morphology of style.

"The Creative Process," the longest section in the book, is a psychology of style—in which there is very little psychology of the depth variety. Malraux discusses the artist's problems and processes in terms of will and conquest. He deals with the relation between style and the individual, and between

art and nature; with schools and influences and the personal development. Scattered over the broad canvas are studies of El Greco, Tintoretto, Caravaggio and de Latour among others.

"The Aftermath of the Absolute" examines the wealth of "resuscitations" that have become possible to us with the passing of the absolute of religion: prehistoric art, ancient arts, children's art, primitive arts, the art of the insane folk art and naïve art.

In this section Malraux makes his uneasy peace with the bewildering variety of expression to be found in modern art. Here, too, he develops several of his grand themes, one of which appears to be unresolved: art is at times presented as an autonomous world of form, and again as a language heavy with human meaning. But however it is interpreted art is for him the only sign of man's passage on the earth, man's order flung in the face of the "chaos of appearances." It is the victory of man over blind, cruel and meaningless destiny. "All art is a revolt against man's fate."

Modern Western man, pictured as heir to the whole world's art, "will light his path only by the torch he carries even if it burns his hands." Having jettisoned so many values of the past, he now regards art as a supreme value; in doing so he has "brought home the presence of . . . creative power throughout the whole history of art." This is our humanism, says Malraux, and because it is based on an idea of art that is, for the first time, universal, it is the beginning of the first world-wide humanism.

"The Voices of Silence" is a poem in praise of works of genius. Like a poem it has neither footnotes nor index: one has the impression at times that Malraux has not only invented criticism but art as well. Speaking on behalf of all the artists whom our age resurrects—and whose voices come up to us through the silence of time—Malraux's voice becomes eloquent and passionate. He writes with a consistent brilliance and incisiveness that dazzle; over those areas he does not elaborate fully, he scatters his lightning. His book is sure to provide the text and vocabulary for the discussion of art for years to come and it deserves this honor.

- On November 19, Doubleday will put on the stands the American edition of "The Voices of Silence." Those who read it in its previous incarnation as "The Psychology of Art" are already aware of the beauty of Malraux's writing and of the magnitude of his effort. But they should realize that the present single volume, by its inclusion of a new section, "The Metamorphoses of Apollo," is longer than the original work by a third; that the text has been extensively re-arranged and re-written; that it is, in short, a new work. The plates are not as large as in the previous volumes, but there are 450 of them, of which 15 are in color, all excellently reproduced and constituting a magnificent collection of man's art.

Those who could not afford the luxurious three-volume "The Psychology of Art" will find this edition a most satisfactory alternative. [continued on page 58]

## Time for Discussion

All may be fair in love and war, but in the realm of art—at least in the realm of American art—a much more puritanical code prevails. According to this code, it is foul play for the artist to cultivate the critic, since any friendly gesture an artist makes toward a critic is interpreted by his fellow-artists as favor-seeking. A critic, by these standards, should be detached; a partisan critic is not considered by Americans to be a proper critic. A critic is expected to be "fair," which is to say that he is expected to be objective, to display catholicity of taste. Minding their propriety and maintaining their ceremonious attitudes, artists and critics in this country have created a rather cool intellectual environment for themselves.

It is no wonder, then, that Americans speak glowingly of the warm atmosphere of Paris, an atmosphere in which artists and critics can meet on a friendly basis, visit with each other in studios and talk things over in amicable fashion at sidewalk cafés. But in France the artist goes a long way toward cultivating the critic. This past summer, while I was in Paris, I visited an exhibition with Michel Seuphor, our Paris correspondent and a critic with a formidable reputation. On our rounds, we stopped to admire a painting and M. Seuphor remarked that the artist, though unknown to him, had just written to invite him to his studio. I was, I confess, surprised at what I thought to be the artist's presumption. But Seuphor assured me that in France it is common practice for artists to invite critics to see their work. He thought it odd that in America artists never do.

Almost any French critic, I suppose, would think the American artist inordinately detached. For example, the artist here frequently feels compelled to speak his mind, and somehow he doesn't care to commit himself—especially in print. He doesn't want to give the impression that he's looking for attention; he doesn't want to poach on critics' territory, and besides, he doesn't quite grasp the fact that the printed word is alterable. Whatever his reasons are, he maintains his distance from the critic, and often, as a result, he is forced into ungracious or arbitrary positions. I know, for example, of very few artists who will extend thanks to a critic for a sympathetic or understanding review, and very few who will defend themselves or their friends against shabby treatment. It isn't that they don't care; rather, they seem not to dare. A lady-poet in the early years of this century put the case succinctly: "Praise not the critic, lest he think/You crave the shelter of his ink."

Often enough, it is the critic who gets the blame for chilling the atmosphere: most artists seem to believe that American critics are hostile, aloof, unapproachable. Yet despite the popularity of these notions, almost any critic

will admit—much sooner than those who read his criticism will—that he is approachable, and often even reproachable since his comments are not verdicts but opinions. It is a rare critic who considers himself an oracle; though after some years of writing, of dangling precariously on an exposed and buffeted limb, many a critic comes to regard himself as an unsainted martyr. All he dares to hope for in the way of recompense is that what he writes will provoke something in the way of a response, something on the order of a discussion if not of a controversy. And he doesn't often see this hope realized.

What surprises most of us who occupy ourselves with writing about art is the apparent apathy of those who read what we write. I say "read what we write" because we can't deny that what we write is read; often enough, in conversation, someone will refer to a particularly good piece of writing or a particularly provocative one—sometimes even to a particularly objectionable one. Yet, whether our readers agree or disagree with us, they rarely write. The most conscientious review gets the same reception as the most cursory one. The most provocative piece is mutely received. The liveliest innovations of an art journal and the gravest affronts to the reader are accepted with equal resignation. Only the merest trickle of correspondence tells the critic that he has an audience. Let him write his heart out in eloquent and considered praise of an exhibition, he will never receive a word of encouragement or appreciation, except perhaps from his grateful editor.

I should hasten to explain that this is not a plea for acknowledgment so much as a request for some open discussion of ideas which can only be summarily introduced in the brief articles and criticisms we publish. In the context of a publication such as this one, criticism can't possibly be definitive; but it could be part of a continuous colloquy between the artist, the critic and any interested bystanders. Perhaps this sounds like a far-off objective; yet it would be near to hand if artists challenged the critics by meeting the critics in their own arena. I cannot speak for other publications in the field, but certainly this one is willing to accept any intelligent comments about articles or criticisms it prints.

There are artists, of course, who insist that in the last analysis it's the art and not the talk about art that matters. But the fact remains that there's a great deal of talk about art—talk that goes on in bull sessions, in classes, in inner circles. Much of this talk is aimless, and yet it need not be, for translated into print it could be given focus. And brought into the open, it will help to create the kind of atmosphere that benefits both artist and critic.—B. K.





*Egyptian (Ptolemaic) Votive Mirror*



*Egyptian Relief of The Hairdresser, Inenu*

## Old Egypt Gets A New Look *by A. L. Chanin*

The mammoth, unfunctional palaces which once embodied the last word in museum buildings have bequeathed difficult problems to those alert museum officials who want art and the public to meet on the most advantageous grounds. A museum today can no longer continue as a repository of art specimens sheltered in the cavernous rooms which architects once fondly believed would strike the beholder with a proper awe and respect. For as Robert Moses, New York's perennial Commissioner of Parks, pointed out: "Museums must entice customers; we must rid museums of their warehouse atmosphere and adopt a new dynamic approach that will compete with other attractions." People accustomed to the appealing display of all kinds of goods in attractive stores cannot respond to buildings and arrangements which all but smother art objects and induce a sense of boredom. And why, when a mere perfume bottle in a Bonwit Teller window basks in a flattering arrangement of good lights and settings, should an Egyptian carving or a Flemish painting peep through the dust of a musty case, or compete with a badly lighted, crowded wall?

In line with the contemporary goal to extract the full power of an art object for museum visitors, the Brooklyn Museum, like the Metropolitan Museum, has undertaken a multi-million dollar program of rehabilitation. The first section to get the expensive New Look treatment is the Egyptian department—one of the finest in this country. The new installation opens on November 18; and those Manhattanites who undertake a journey in the bleak IRT to see the transformation, will be rewarded by the museum's sensitive, thoughtful and painstaking labor of love.

The old gloomy rooms and formidable arrangement of cases and statues, in a parade-like line (an appearance perhaps more common to Egyptian gal-

leries than others) is gone. Looking now becomes an experience as the innate qualities of Egyptian art reassert their compelling magic.

To modernize was a difficult task. High ceilings had to be eliminated, lowered or minimized; excess decorations removed; lighting outlets, lacking in old buildings, installed.

Three features characterize the new New Look. First, a stress on unobtrusive backgrounds and display cases rightfully gives objects maximum emphasis. Second, and a point of considerable importance to institutions blessed—or cursed—with a great many items: the emphasis is not on numbers but on a group carefully selected in terms of art quality. Items whose chief value is archaeological will be placed in a separate study gallery. In thus reducing the clutter of the chief rooms, the museum has spotlighted key examples. And finally, a skillful use of lighting brings out the subtle nuance of plane or line, color and texture.

Equally noteworthy is the attractive arrangement of objects within the cases. Here, not merely numbers, nor a placid symmetry, was the guiding line; instead, objects are composed almost as in a fine still-life. Thus, a scribe's pen case and ink case are placed to slant diagonally across as a link with smaller objects in the same case. Again, a great deal of attention has been given to eye-catching color contrasts; a blue faience, for example, is juxtaposed as an accent against quieter colors.

The objects within the cases are placed on lucite bases. These help to give each object full importance, for often the bulk, texture and grain of a wood base compete with the qualities of the object. Fluorescent lights, concealed in the roof of the cases, play softly over statuette or jar, bringing out textures and form, and neutralizing shadows.

Another attractive innovation is the method of displaying reliefs. These are sunk flush into background panels, eliminating the jagged, jutting-out thickness. The result again gives a focus to surface of the relief. Incidentally, the consequent accentuated, irregular shape acquires a new but discreet interest as a free form shape.

At first glance, the over-all grey of walls and cases which the Brooklyn Museum adopts, with only slight modifications, seems unnecessarily uniform. But eventually the choice is justified by what the quiet color does in conjunction with light (the queen asset of display) to enhance the object.

The lighting, in particular, brings out the sensitive, delicate curve of a lip or the power of massive planes. Or it "frames" the ingenious charm of a perfume case, the grace of an ointment jar, the warm color of painted wood, the translucency of an alabaster vase, the geometric form of an arresting figure.

Included in the re-installation are several recent acquisitions. Among these are two unique, fine portrait sculptures dating from the late fifth century to early Sixth Dynasty (about 2420 B.C.) of Methethy, an overseer of the crown tenants. Here, the terse, sensitive wooden figure, still vividly colored with its original paint, shows the official as a young man. The second masterly carving portrays an aged Methethy. Another fine acquisition is the grave, seated figure of King Sesostri III (around 1850 B.C.). Though conventionally posed, the statue departs from convention in the perceptive characterization of the features.

Other new additions on view include a basalt figure of a priest and a delightful, bold relief of a hairdresser, Inenu.

The new installation was directed by the curator of the Egyptian Department, John D. Cooney, and his assistant, Elizabeth Riefstahl.

### The Spirit Blows Where It Will

How many bad paintings must you see till you find one that's worth all the trouble? How many seeds does a tree produce so that one will take root? Nature overflows with abundant life, scattering its gusto and its bounty recklessly. Exactly the same thing happens in the world of art. It is enough to visit two or three salons (I have just seen the Salon d'Octobre, the Salon des Sur-indépendants, the Salon du Trait, the Salon d'Automne) to gain the impression of an enormous waste of color, canvas, cardboard, paper and good will. In this mass of work it is impossible to discern clearly what is likely to survive.

Paris, today, has become again what it was 20 years ago: a hive of the arts where all the artists in the world are jostling one another. In no city in the world is it so easy to exhibit, to find an audience for even the most questionable work. And in spite of this, there does not seem to be enough room to handle the continual influx. The gallery owners are assailed with requests, loaded down with pictures, ceaselessly set upon by new arrivals, claimants to fame even before they can speak a solitary word of French.

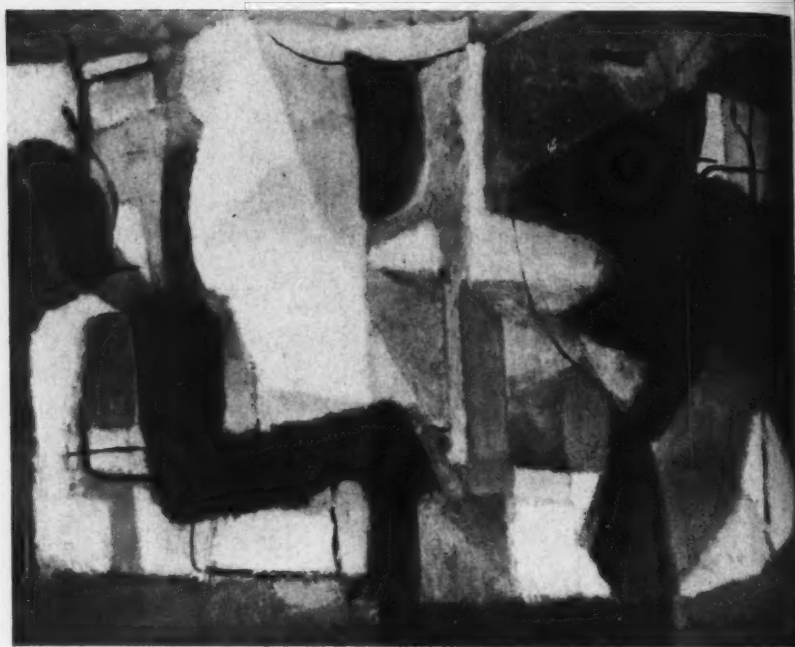
Not that I don't like this international stew, this fusion of races and tongues. It is because of this very diversity that the world is as sweetly mad, as gaily varied as it is; for it is by a richness of contrasts that life maintains its vitality. But sometimes amid this superabundance, I can't help wanting to find something on which to feed my need for faith, for admiration.

Admiration of what? Faith in what? We must first try to clarify what it is we are concerned with here—what, exactly, our enthusiasm is directed at.

A work of art is not beautiful as a woman is beautiful, nor as a flower is, nor as a landscape is. Nor even as a pebble, as water and the bark of a tree are beautiful. The work of art is first of all a language. Its beauty resides in the human truth that it transcribes. This beauty is an inner beauty. It obeys no esthetic canon, knows no law but that of liberty of the spirit. A living thing within man learns to speak, and confides in a technique; and the true becomes the sign of the beautiful. The true: the faithful image of a soul aware of itself, discovering itself progressively, deriving gratification from the use of this language, this technique and this confidence.

The work of art as we conceive it today translates a gesture of the psyche, liberates the essence of a private poem. That is to say, it is before—and in spite of—all, a thing of the spirit.

I am, of course, thinking of Mondrian as I write this. But I am thinking, too, of Delaunay, of Vieira de Silva. Only recently I found a new illustration of these ideas in the series of color etchings by Hartung, Soulages and Schneider that the bookshop La Hune has just published. Although quite distinct as to technique and personality, these three artists approach one another by a similarity of attitude. These painters are, in a way, dramatists who are impelled to express certain profound, submerged



Jean Lombard: "Le Sermon sur la Montagne"

truths for which speech, as we know it, cannot find words. Hartung (or the drama calmed by the intelligence), Soulages (or the drama dominated by force), and Schneider (or the drama for drama's sake) make an excellent three-cornered conversation—I almost said triptych—that is concerned with the inner universe of man and the secret forces at work in it.

Rather than of its power, I think of the nobility and restraint of this language. To the chaos that reigns in the subconscious, the mind brings its supple rule: emotion, analyzed, will be mistress of this dark territory. The soul's cry, caught at its source, becomes a measured song; the artist's gesture unfolds the work of art in an act of spiritual love, the pure act of a demiurge.

Seeing a few good things, like the etchings just mentioned, repays a critic for all the running around he must do, and makes it a pleasure for him to pick up his pen.

It seems to me that Hartung, Soulages and Schneider and, too, Manesier, Hosiasson, van Haardt, Alcopley, Geer and Bram van Velde and, indeed, Pillet, Jeanne Coppel, Istrati, Ellsworth Kelly and many others all continue in our day the tradition of Platonic idealism that the literature of recent years seems to deny as it wallows in a distasteful realism or takes relish in a cynical cruelty. The world of letters is ruled by a kind of academy of negation in which it is *bon ton* to ridicule everything that relates to awareness, to the inner life. Involuntarily, the abstract

Wostan: "Le Mur des Lamentations"





artist, if he is really creative, puts his whole interior being into his work. It is therefore almost impossible to face his art without, at the same time, confronting certain imponderables. In such a situation the role of the writer on art doubles for that of the moralist, the critic becomes essayist and the art of writing rhythms with that of thinking.

Will the spiritual content of modern, so-called abstract, painting finally bestow a new spirit upon the literary world? We can only observe that the spirit blows where it will. The plastic arts of our time, at their most exalted, are a clear evidence of spirituality (in the Bergsonian sense of the word); they are a manifestation of all that is sacred and all that is holy.

• At Galerie Allendy I was pleased to see the work of the Polish sculptor, Wostan. His owl carved in a brick agglomerate interested me very much in the last Salon de la Jeune Sculpture. Wostan is inventive, and he's a poet. He is exhibiting some very decorative reliefs in beaten sheet-iron and an im-

pressive series of bas-reliefs, which he calls *Le Mur des Lamentations*, in a mixture of cement and brick.

• In the past months I have seen several exhibitions of Japanese artists in the galleries here. None of them seemed to have the interest of Kéou Nishimoura's show at Galerie Bernheim-jeune. He has an airy lightness, a delicacy of color and an obvious facility of line which are based on a thorough knowledge of craft. His work is open, serene, luminous without being flashy. Nishimoura, who is 53, paints in an extremely youthful manner; he could teach a great deal to our "intuitive" painters whose only desire is to dazzle or make a scandal.

• Jean Lombard is an honest painter who goes his way slowly, without rushing through the stages. At Galerie La Gentilhommière he is showing the latest of these stages, and, to tell the truth, it is hardly distinguishable from the previous ones. Lombard approaches abstraction at a measured pace. He is

still painting landscapes, if you will, but the point of arrival is at some distance from the point of departure. Several of these works bring the spectator the pure delight of pleasant music, and very French music, at that.

• The disparity of Mario Prassinos' work, at Galerie de France, is a bit disconcerting. This artist seems to have been very much affected by the latest works of Pollock. In a series of landscapes in Chinese ink, one sees only spots at first; then one sees that these very spots haven't the courage to be completely abstract. Several tapestries of a rather dry design reveal a certain leaning toward Magnelli. Some monochrome paintings with linear motifs and a few spots of extremely delicate color did succeed in touching me. As did two large pictures in quite another manner, in which the precise black and grey forms speak a language at once gentle and ardent. It is clear that Prassinos is a painter for whom many ways are open, but who seems hesitant about adopting one definitively.

## International Notes

The most celebrated painting of our time, *Guernica*, the famous 25-foot mural by Pablo Picasso, which has been shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York almost continuously since 1941, left the U.S. recently by air for its first return trip to Europe since 1939.

The mural went on exhibition last month at the Brera Gallery, Milan, Italy, where a large Picasso show opened. This month it is being shipped to São Paulo, Brazil, where it will be shown for the first time in South America. It will return to the Museum of Modern Art in New York in the spring of 1954.

Originally the mural was commissioned by the Spanish government for its pavilion at the Paris World's Fair of 1937. The title

comes from the Basque town of Guernica which was destroyed by Nazi bombers on April 28, 1937, in the first instance in our time of total destruction of a non-military objective.

• More than 75 works by Pablo Picasso, selected by the artist himself and including the famous *Guernica*, will be on view in the coming second Biennale of Modern Art opening December 8 at the Museum of Modern Art in São Paulo, Brazil.

This second Biennale promises to be the most extensive international exhibition to date. In addition to official works submitted by more than 34 countries (22 countries were represented in the first Biennale), more than 3,000 works have been received for the Bien-

nale's open juried exhibition. At present the jury comprises James J. Sweeney, Rodolfo Pallucchini, Bernard Dorival, Emile Langui and Eberhard Ranftaengel.

In an effort to summarize the "most important art values of the 20th century," the Biennale committee has planned special exhibitions from individual countries. These include shows of cubist paintings from France with works by all major cubists; futurist art from Italy; Henry Moore from England; James Ensor from Belgium; Edvard Munch from Norway, and Calder from the U.S.

In the architecture division, jurors Gropius, Sert, Aalto, Le Corbusier and Rogers will select either completed projects or works in construction for a competition being held under the auspices of the Biennale.

## Who's News

The board of directors of Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., has elected **Leslie A. Hyam** president to succeed Hiram H. Parke, who will remain associated with the company as chairman of the board. Hyam was a vice-president and director of the Parke-Bernet Galleries since its organization in 1937.

Three \$100 first-prize winners in the 23rd annual New Jersey state exhibition sponsored by the Montclair Art Museum are **Annie Leaney**, West Caldwell, oils; **Jo Jenks**, Morristown, sculpture; and **Lucille Hobbie**, Newark, watercolor.

President **Dwight Eisenhower** has completed a portrait of Abraham Lincoln from a little-known portrait taken by Matthew B. Brady. The incident probably marks the first historical example of a president in office painting the portrait of a past president.

Four prizewinners in the New York Village Art Center's 11th annual oil exhibition were **Margaret Layton**, Avel de Knight, **Manuel Truda** and **Don Samuels**.

Two new members of the American Museum of Natural History's board of trustees are **Dr. Albert E. Parr**, the museum's director, and

**Luke B. Lockwood**, a New York lawyer. Dr. Parr, one of the world's leading oceanographers, is the first director of the museum to accede to the board.

Director of New Orleans' Delgado Museum of Art, **Aloanzo Lansford**, has been decorated recently by two foreign governments: by the French, with the *Palme des Officiers d'Académie*; by the Italian, with the *Stella della Solidarietà Italiana*.

**Alexander Abels**, **Albert Gold** and **Charles Taylor**, all of Philadelphia, won the equal awards of \$500 in the Philadelphia Art Alliance's regional exhibition of oil and casein paintings. It was open to artists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, who live within 50 miles of Philadelphia.

During the spring term at the John Herron Art School, Indianapolis, **Will Barnet**, **Charles Burchfield** and **Raphael Soyer** will visit for a day each to lecture and criticize student work.

In the 14th annual exhibition of the Society of Western Artists, San Francisco, **H. Ralph Love**, **Maurice Logan** and **Maria von Ridelstein**

won the oil painting awards; **Douglas Teague**, **Chang Shu Chi** and **Elliot O'Hara**, the watercolor awards; **Matteo Sandona**, the graphic arts award; **Carlo Tallabue**, the sculpture award.

Dealers in artists' materials, **Favor, Ruhl & Co., Inc.**, with head offices now located in Chicago, has reorganized and made the following changes in operating personnel: **Phillip J. Dunn**, president; **W. L. Viergever**, secretary, treasurer and general manager; **J. J. Gallagher**, manager, eastern division, and **A. C. Hottenroth**, director of purchases.

### Benjamin Benguiat

Benjamin Benguiat, youngest and last of five brothers who were art connoisseurs, died October 27 at his New York home. He was 84.

Benguiat came to the U.S. from London in 1898 as an adviser to Stanford White, the architect, in the forming of his collections. Among his other clients were William Randolph Hearst, Joseph E. Widener, Leon Schinas and J. Pierpont Morgan. He also assembled the collection of Senator William A. Clark, which is on display at the Corcoran Galleries, Washington, D.C.

Like his brothers, Vitall, Leopold, David and Ephraim, Benjamin traveled widely seeking and buying art treasures, especially Oriental rugs, ancient tapestries and textiles.

*Recently several artists who have been painting in a non-representational style have rediscovered the human figure. Does this signify an exhaustion of the full potentialities of pure abstract forms in art?*

*Does it suggest that non-objective art has limitations, or that there are contemporary needs which cannot be gratified by non-objective forms?*

*Does it point to problems that inhere in non-objective idioms, or to problems peculiar to individual artists?*

*Can the human figure be re-interpreted so that it will have validity for our time, and, if so, what forms might the new expressions of it take?*

## SYMPOSIUM: The Human Figure

### Balcomb Greene

Since 1941 the human figure has been working itself back into my paintings. Working persistently, against difficulties, reluctantly. But never a program. Even such a limited program as could issue from the present questions might have impeded me.

If I have been influenced by non-objective art announcing its limitations, it is not that I find today's representational work more encouraging. Mondrian, to me, remains probably the greatest painter of our era. Disappointing by contrast is the way Léger and Picasso have lost their grand architectonics of the '30s.

In my own work, as the figure re-enters, it may seem to be obscured. It is lost in the light, in a blast of illumination. Permitting myself a small slice of poetic license, I will say that our eyes, yours and mine, are too weak to see it. Nevertheless we feel it.

Reading lately Jules Romains' "The Lord God of the Flesh" it occurred to me that an eroticism which I have wished in my work, and yet have not wanted because in art it can be so disruptive an element, may be the key to my interest in the figure. Since the baroque period—under puritanism, that would be—the body and the spirit have been so commonly held enemies that any denial of this has been apologetic. Thus Bouguereau's lie and Renoir's impressionist detachment.

It is natural that the human body—no longer as a commodity, but now sexual and spiritual at the same time—cannot return to art much more clearly or abruptly than it can into the life of man.

A woman's arm represented without meaning is an artistic sin. But the arm or a man's shoulder, coming into focus and anatomically correct, can gather meanings which seem distinct but are undesirable. If the arm is only for design it is useless; the non-objectivists are correct. If the man's shoulder becomes a policeman's uniform with the cliché that he is a tool of the capitalist system, the painting was dated before it was made.

The problem of the human figure re-entering art is not separable from the social situation in which man finds himself unworthy of representation. I expect the artists will meet this situation sooner than social scientists do. They will be an extremely limited number of artists, a fact which invites the judgment of the scientist.

Today, in the course of making my paintings, the human figure is at some point the

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### Raphael Soyer

In pure non-objective and abstract art, life and reality are considered "disturbances," expression and psychological experiences are eliminated, objective appearances are negated. What is left? Does it not suggest that non-objective, as well as abstract, art is terribly limited; that not only contemporary needs but the needs of any time cannot be gratified by it, and that no matter how inventive human genius may be, the possibilities for creating purely abstract forms in art are exhaustible? At its best, a design may be created, a pleasant or irritating one, thus gratifying the decorative needs only.

There is a form of non-objective art, however, widespread at this moment, that claims to contain elements of emotion and expression, spontaneous automatism, Freudian overtones, sub-conscious self-revelation, convulsions or what-have-you. Its protagonists have named it "non-objective expressionism" and, for some mysterious reason, claim it to be peculiarly characteristic of our country. To go through rooms filled with such painting and sculpture is a nightmarish experience—such a debauchery of self-indulgence, such miasma, such confusion of private whirlpools of emotion—all meaningless to the observer! To bolster this illogical, unnatural, unfounded art, there arose rationalization, sophistry and speculation in the unintelligible jargon and in the irresponsible statements in the art writing of today.

May I cite as an example of this irresponsibility the statement made by a glib apologist for non-objectivism in a recent issue of ART DIGEST (September 15, "The Reflective Eye"): "Any scoundrel can draw a man." Yes, but like a scoundrel! And are there no scoundrels among non-objective painters? And how difficult it is to distinguish the genuine artist from the scoundrel in non-objective art today!

The great tradition of representational and communicative art is as living and ever-renewable as nature itself. Certainly, the human figure—and by that I mean man and his life, his attributes, his habitat—human content in general, can be re-interpreted and have validity for our times, as it has been re-interpreted in each successive epoch throughout the ages. The human figure is being painted today, at this moment, in forms adapted to our times, in many manners and styles, humbly, poignantly and meaningfully. I hope that

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Raphael Soyer



Photo by Hans Namuth  
Balcomb Greene



John Ferren



Alfred Russell

## John Ferren

New wine in old bottles.

The basic problem is not the figure. It is figuration, the use of the object, any object, including the figure. At the same time the use of the figure as a central theme is more than the use of a subject. It implies a philosophy.

Abstraction gave us the fresh plastic truths of our time. Abstract expressionism gave a new range to the sensibility involving the whole, "existential" man. Its humanism is implicit not explicit.

The inter-relations of color, shape and space in contemporary concepts are expansive and multiple (nearer landscape). Many figures, a la Tintoretto, might do. To funnel multiple, still undigested, mental and pictorial dimensions into the single figure (unit one) concept is undoubtedly dramatic. It is conflict presented as subject. It is also the core of the Western Tradition, i.e., the world, all of it, seen in man's image.

The argument goes: "If the present image is mainly destructive, so is the world destructive," etc. But painting is surely more than documentary evidence. I see its purpose as "solution," not as daily, blow-by-blow description of the trauma. The latter "gratifies the contemporary need" too quickly.

Abstract expressionism is a matrix and, like other living organisms, dangerous. It can grow cancerously and destroy painting, swallow it up in a cult of obsessions, personalities and ego-satisfactions. It can go soft and colonial. Or it can take the responsibilities that it, itself, invoked and work for a creative, seminal leap.

I believe, too, that this leap will objectify the outer world of sensation and fit it into our new mental, emotional and pictorial dimensions. But, in a world where matter is conceived as energy and (to some of us) as spirit, the object or figuration must be newly seen. This can't be done by abdicating to the Western tradition of figure painting (did I hear right that we were independent of Europe?) or by foisting the abstract idiom on conventionally seen or conceived nature. It can't be Pollock on the surface and Bouguereau underneath and be valid for our time.

The figure is a wonderful medium for pathos, for the political and sublime passions. (Hatred seems more prevalent, now, than love!) But the figure conceived in the Western Humanist Tradition [continued on page 32]

## Alfred Russell

The potentialities of abstract painting or of any other kind of painting have not been exhausted. But most painters have exhausted themselves trying to use the traditional tools of painting in the exploration of pure abstract forms; others have adopted new techniques, an extra-painting language, and have entered into collaboration or competition with scientists, poets, philosophers, linguists, anthropologists, statisticians, mathematicians, in order to explore the new illimitable range of human perception.

The métier of painting and profession of artist are disappearing in direct proportion to the ever-widening scope of plastic sensibility. Personalities, masters, the universal genius in the Renaissance sense have given way to specialists, technicians who narrow down and refine tiny particulars so that the whole perspective of non-objective idiom is lost. The enlightened public, the poet, thinker, scientist, lose interest in contemporary painting altogether. The painter in the non-objective idiom has eliminated himself as a cultural force by trying to be too much with too little. Perhaps the potentialities of pure abstract forms are better realized in disciplines of philosophy, mathematics and physics.

The paradox of vast possibilities and limited accomplishments is perplexing, exhausting the painter. He labors like Sisyphus and has failed to add any significant discoveries to the works of the early galaxy of abstract masters. There is a monotonous uniformity in non-objective painting all over the world. Paradoxically the cult of originality has produced a crude, [continued on page 32]

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# Coast-to-Coast

CHICAGO by Allen S. Weller

It is an axiom that artists generally dislike the decisions of juries. For that matter, many museum directors do too. Hence the constant changes in the mechanics by which big shows are chosen and awards made. This year the 57th Annual Exhibition by Artists of Chicago and Vicinity (through December 13) followed a novel method. A jury—named by the Art Institute, and consisting of Humbert Albrizio, Franklin Boggs, Willem de Kooning and Perry Rathbone—selected 226 works by 180 artists out of a total of some 1,800 submitted. The exhibiting artists then elected three of their own number to award all but three of the 18 prizes, totaling \$5,200. Rainey Bennett, Francis Chapin and Max Kahn were so selected, and certainly the responsibility could not have been put in better hands. Still, I am not sure that I entirely understand the thinking behind this procedure: is it that local artists might show favoritism in admitting works to the exhibition, but not in awarding the prizes—or simply that there is safety in numbers and division of responsibility?

I am delighted that the Chicago artists honored Margo Hoff's *Stage Fright* by awarding it the top prize, the Logan medal and \$1,000. They thus call attention to the work of a painter who is above everything else prolific in ideas; and at a time when method and undirected intuition so often take the place of content and intellectual clarity, this is good. Miss Hoff never makes technique an end in itself: the range and variety of a singularly rich imagination, a streak of quite individual humor and an unusual ability to handle the episodic without falling into the pitfalls of "literary" art, combine to keep her work surprising and satisfyingly complete.

The Pauline Palmer prizes of \$750 for painting and sculpture went to Joyce Treiman for *Circus Cyclists II* and Tom Lias for *Mother and Child*. Miss Treiman is working much more broadly and directly than was the case two years ago, with less specific humanistic content, less of the rather rigid formal composi-

tional discipline. Lias' grey marble group is architecturally conceived, solidly and logically designed.

Other prize-winning paintings are Elizabeth Engelhard's *Design for Security*, sensitive and excellent in color; Louise Stanton's persuasive *Moon Over Ghost Town*; Paul Weighart's elegant and stylishly austere *Garrotuda*; Briggs Dyer's *Spectacle*, with powerful expressionistic masks against a dark background; Ivan LeLorraine Albright's grey metallic head, *Silence*, probingly detailed; Maryette Charleton's *Refugee Camp*, with elements of genuine compositional power; and Stanley Mitruk's *Bottles*, an elaborate and classically conceived still-life which conveys not only great architectural dignity and restraint, but a truly personal poetic quality as well.

Prints which were given prizes are Harry Brorby's sumptuous color intaglio, *El Dia de los Muertos*; Vera Berdich's color etching, *A Renaissance Composite*, a work of great technical and personal refinement; and Elaine Isaac's vigorous color lithograph, *Back Porch Gossip*.

Abbott Pattison was given an award for his *Marble Horse*, a clever Noguchi-like construction which unexpectedly introduces almost neo-classic forms, as was Bunni Sovetski for a compact and orderly wooden *Apple Picker*.

It is interesting, though not necessarily significant, that of the prize-winning works, only Mitruk's was selected by the Art Institute staff for reproduction in the catalogue. Which only goes to show how absolutely impossible it is to see where the lightning will strike, once a jury gets to work! Three other prize-winners had not yet been selected when this reviewer had to meet a publication deadline.

Like most big cross-section shows, this one can be characterized either as being tremendously varied, or as lacking in direction. Everything is here, from enormous formless thin color movements (John F. Miller), to microscopic precision of surrealist detail

(Kempert Quabius). There are characteristic works by many of the important Chicago artists (Bentley, Breinin, Burg, Coen, Horn, Judson, Koppe, Martyl, Mintz, Ubaldi, Weiner, as well as the members of the jury of awards, among others). There are some surprising omissions. There are excellent works by artists who have not exhibited here frequently. I admired Clark Fitz-Gerald's lively and elegant welded steel *Black Magic*; Joseph Frieberg's rich and sumptuously textured *Crayfish*; two dramatic non-objectives by Roland Ginzel, with lustrous and meaningful black elements; Anton Grauel's *Resting Girl*, a sophisticated wood sculpture which develops out of the tradition of Kolbe. I also liked Ellen Lanyon's highly individual and beautifully precise compositions of railroad tracks, trestles, and figures; Sue Lawless' *The Building*, sensitive in form and color; a brilliant and witty drawing by Arthur Levine; Thurman Nicholson drawings which show fastidious taste and comprehensive workmanship; two strange and mysteriously evocative collages by Robert Nickle, and a charmingly frank and direct gouache by John F. Richardson, *Summer Still-Life*. There are some low moments, as well, particularly in the field of sculpture, where too many people seem to confuse the pseudo-primitive, the insensitive and the willfully eccentric with creative individuality.

•The Arts Club has organized an important exhibition of two artists whose works gain by such a cumulative showing, Alberto Giacometti and Loren MacIver (through December 1). Of the 26 Giacomettis, 15 are owned by Chicago or north shore collectors. Nine paintings and two drawings are included along with 15 examples of the sculptor's strangely insistent and suggestive figures, all but one of recent date. Giacometti's response to the spatial preoccupations of the contemporary artist is one of the very personal creations of our times: to him, space has become such a positive and aggressive factor

Joyce Treiman: "Circus Cyclists II"



Louise Stanton: "Moon Over Ghost Town"



that it has almost overwhelmed mass itself. (The artist once said that at one period he was able to achieve his artistic intentions only by making his works smaller and smaller.) His sculpture seems to be a kind of battle between solid and space, and in the tall, mysterious, emaciated, knotty forms which he now creates, a sort of desperate struggle for survival seems to be going on.

The interrelationships between this strangely linear and spacious sculpture and Giacometti's paintings are significant.

## PHILADELPHIA by Sam Feinstein

The late Thornton Oakley, memorially honored by a gallery devoted to his work in the current annual exhibition of drawings, watercolors and prints at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, was not only the energetic president of the Philadelphia Water Color Club (which is co-sponsoring the Academy exhibition with the Catherwood Foundation) but a distinguished teacher as well. Perhaps the most valuable advice which Oakley gave his students was his oft-repeated dictum, "Live in the picture."

It is a concept with which most artists will agree, and it would be pleasant to report that most of the works in the academy show reflect this advice. Unfortunately, such is not the case; the exhibition is dominated by work which is competent and carefully wrought, but cold. Much of it can be loosely described as experimental or semi-abstract, design or decoration being imposed upon subject matter, diminishing rather than enhancing its significance.

No artist who really lives in his picture—who is, so to speak, one with both his theme and the two-dimensional surface upon which he transforms it—will produce merely a camouflaged motif, reduced to colors and lines which are arbitrarily invented. Competent craftsmen, however, seem to have bowled over this jury with just such effects: striking surfaces, rich areas of paint, much ado about very little. There is a vast difference, for instance, between the late John Marin's watercolor *Incoming Sea*—1952 or Warrington Colescott's serigraph *Magdalenian I*, and jury-member Sada-mitsu Fujita's casein *Three Tables*. The former have created abstractions which convey the immediacy of the artists' inner responses to both their psychological and pictorial themes. They achieve a magic life of forms, composed rather than designed. Fujita creates an ingratiating surface on which thick segments are placed with a sophisticated concern for paint passages *per se*; his handsome face is its fortune. And Fujita's is by no means the exception among the decorations hanging here.

Thirty-one states and several foreign countries are represented in this show. One finds most of America's well-known names, as well as those of Matisse, Picasso, Marini, Giacometti, Chagall, Henry Moore, Reg Butler and Graham Rutherford. The leaders of America's abstract expressionist movement are conspicuously absent; 58 cartoons by

cant: the nervous, exploratory, superimposed linear elements probe within and push out; a lean Dantesque intensity sustains the grey, almost monochromatic compositions.

Of the 13 MacIver paintings, only one belongs permanently in Chicago: this is *E. E. Cummings* (Ludgin Collection), a delicate green field, subtly modeled within its own limitations, inscribed with a fleeting head in pencil and with many calligraphic quotations. MacIver has discovered the esthetic possibilities which reside within unexpected

aspects of recognizable material. Sometimes we seem to look straight up into unlimited space, sometimes straight down into bottomless areas. The means employed are direct and economical; the artist's understanding personal and often profound.

It is in the remarkable combination of a sensitive humanism with an interest in the boundless forces of nature which are beyond the control of man that MacIver's style rests. The result is perhaps one of the genuinely original achievements of the present time.



Arthur B. Carles: Sketch for "Dancers"

the New Yorker magazine artists are puzzlingly present.

To hang the 512 pictures was not an easy task, of course, but the academy's effort to mix indiscriminately both abstraction and realism, prints and paintings, makes for little clarity or climax in the exhibition, and most of the works suffer from their neighbors' proximity. I remember seeing the Matisse *Jeune Fille Accoudée* in a New York gallery this spring. It was a thing alive, pulsing. At the academy, seeming wan and with-

drawn, the figure in this picture gazes pensively at her surroundings: a beautiful lady at a dull gathering.

• The difference between a merely decorative surface approach and a more profound one is demonstrated at the Galerie de Braux, where Stella Mertens is exhibiting a series of oils in a style which, as André Maurois states in the catalogue foreword, "attempts to suggest not only a third dimension, but an underlying dramatic quality of a more



## Coast-to-Coast *continued*

secret nature." Her technique is deliberate and has its own logic. If it seems almost a recipe, it never becomes an empty manner. One associates Miss Mertens' quality with the French discipline of form and color which comes to us through Seurat and Bonnard.

- At Ellen Donovan's, Razel Kapustin combines opaque and translucent underpainting with brilliant glazes of color, creating paintings which are convincing in some cases and less so in others. At times the artist imposes line on the color areas, giving them a curious jigsaw-puzzle look. When they are well integrated, however, the lines become meaningful and enriching: the white crisscrossing around an angel hovering over rooftops appears as a starlike radiance, and, in an aquarium theme, the fish swim in a linear maze which has a water-like rhythm in some places and in others suggests a netted barrier.

The small gallery at Donovan's features three-dimensional collages by William Littlefield—painted wood reliefs sawed from old chair legs, toy pieces and other cast-offs.

- Although Patricia Evans, at the Beryl Lush Galleries, uses glazes, she depends upon color which has matted and muted qualities, which recalls tapestry rather than stained glass. She paints freely and selects her forms discreetly, suggesting their palpable nature with a poetic rather than literal touch. This show will be followed later in the month by a first one-man show here of paintings by Seymour Remenick.

- At the Dublin Galleries paintings by George Dunbar of New Orleans occupy one room and a collection of early drawings and paintings by the late Arthur B. Carles are in another. Dunbar, a young artist who received his training in Philadelphia, is absorbing contemporary influences into a personal idiom which is strongly calligraphic. Carles' work here is dated 1908 to 1933. Although a few of the paintings fall off in quality or intensity, they reveal the artist's steady growth from the early influence of Rodin's washy nudes to the use of pure color as a major interpretive means. Especially in the landscape sketches, notes of color flow and melt

with a jewel-like vibrancy. Other paintings have slower, more heavy relationships. There is an occasional figure piece that seems to be a small study for a more ambitious work. But even the minor or incomplete efforts here convey something of Carles' unique sensibility.

- As if to compensate for the academy's exclusion of abstract expressionist works, the exhibition at the Hendler gallery consists wholly of non-figurative painting. The show discloses the artistic kinship of the nine exhibitors, yet emphasizes their individuality. Hendler is represented by a canvas that is modest in size but powerful in effect. Franz Kline's monumental simplicity and George McNeil's writhing strength set off the tenderness of Philip Guston's color impastos. Jean-Paul Riopelle's deep-volumed constellation sparkles in darkness; Shirley Jaffe's painting is an overcast firmament, billowy and fog-filled. The show also includes work by Jack Tworikov and Melville Price and one of my own paintings, which I will describe as a luminous canvas.

## SAN FRANCISCO *by Lawrence Ferling*

Getting into the spirit of Thanksgiving, the city's Art Commission has of late been brooding over a number of "dead turkeys," as well as some very live ones, which it has found in the municipal larder. But some of these are extremely large birds, and the commission has been hard put to find homes for them. Let us hasten to say we are metaphorically speaking of various city-owned works of art, some dating back to the 19th century, others hatched under the wing of the WPA in the late 1930s and left to moulder in various warehouses about the town.

These homeless works are only a very small part of the art listed in "A Survey of Art Work in the City and County of San Francisco" completed last summer by Martin Snipper, former director of the Art Festival. Said to be the first survey of its kind ever made by an American city, the document is a veritable Baedeker, without Ruskinian trappings. It locates, describes, evaluates, and gives brief histories of some 450 objects of art owned by the city, dividing them into six categories according to their

location in parks, squares, public buildings, private buildings, churches, *et cetera*.

This remarkable document will be food for some future holiday report when a guide book for the visitor is in order. For the present we will only mention those works which visitors couldn't see anyway. Most prominent of these now in storage are some huge frescoes by Diego Rivera, some black artificial granite whales by Robert B. Howard, eight sculptures by Beniamino Bufano, and (among a host of other such treasures) a neo-classic *Head of Liberty* by F. Marion Wells with "sockets for electric lights on headdress" and a plaque reading "Head of Goddess of Liberty surmounting Dome of City Hall, destroyed by earthquake April 18, 1906." The condition of Liberty today is described in the (politically neutral) report as "Good except for light sockets which are inoperative. It requires a more permanent base."

The Rivera frescoes are titled *Marriage of the Artistic Expression of the North and South on this Continent*.

This work is said to be Rivera's largest fresco and, according to Rivera (in 1940), his best. It is over 73 feet long and 22 feet high, in 10 sections. Rivera accepted the commission for it from the Golden Gate International Exposition "on condition that I be permitted to make this my personal contribution toward the promotion of good will between our countries, and because of my great affection for my friends in S.F." It was originally designed to fill a wall of a library to be built at the City College of San Francisco, but the building plans were changed, so that at present the only possible place for it anyone can seem to suggest is in the crumbling Palace of Fine Arts, which is itself one of the city's inoperative art treasures.

Howard's *Whales*, originally part of a group at the 1939 International Exposition on Treasure Island, are now cast-up in the stables of Golden Gate Park. For years these whales have been scheduled to be placed in front of the Park's Steinhart Aquarium but, while the city deliberated, the cost of installa-

[continued on page 29]

## Coast-to-Coast Notes

**Washington, D. C.:** Contemporary American Indian painting will be shown at the National Gallery of Art from November 8 through December 6. The exhibition will include 115 paintings by 59 American Indian artists. It has been organized with the cooperation of the U.S. Indian School, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Dorothy Dunn, founder of the department of painting at the school, who has written the introduction to the catalogue for the show, said "the paintings in this exhibition by artists of the Southwestern, Plains and Woodland Indian tribes of the U.S. are examples of the modern school of American Indian painting. Although contemporary in general appearance and individually inventive, these works derive from the oldest painting traditions in America... their predominant style

—linear pattern painted in definite areas of flat, opaque watercolor—has been characteristic of American Indian painting for centuries."

**Dallas, Texas:** Master drawings from Daumier to Dali will be shown at the Betty McLean Gallery through December 1. Other artists in the exhibition include Léger, Maillol, Modigliani, Pascin, Renoir and Vlaminck. The work is being exhibited through the cooperation of Perl's Galleries and M. Knoedler & Co., New York.

**Baton Rouge, Louisiana:** Work by Louisiana's 19 top-ranking artists will be shown until December 31 in the state art commission's

Old State Capitol Galleries. The exhibition will include work by 10 painters, four printmakers, three sculptors and two ceramicists. Each artist selected his own work for the show, and each will be represented by a panel on which his biographical data and a statement of his philosophy of art will be given.

**Boston, Massachusetts:** The Institute of Contemporary Art's fourth annual "Design for Christmas" exhibition will present more than 200 products—glassware, china, pottery, silverware, kitchenware, appliances, fabrics, furniture, accessories and toys—between November 19 and Christmas Eve. Carl F. Zahn [continued on page 29]



## New York



Chaim Soutine: "Paysage aux Toits Rouges"

### Soutine: Affinity for An Alien World by Alfred Werner

Chaim Soutine, a Jewish immigrant from Lithuania, was eager to speak French like a native Frenchman. Hence, as one of his friends told me, at the height of his career he took lessons with a well-known teacher, but unfortunately never lost his heavy foreign accent. Similarly, Soutine unrequitedly adored French art from Fouquet to Cézanne, with its stress on careful balance and order, yet he rarely, and only in his very last years, managed to approach it. René Huyghe talks of Soutine in terms of admiration mixed with resentment: the mad foreign Jew, "the vampire, the painter tipsy with blood!" Huyghe insists that an unbridgeable gap exists between Soutine and the art of *la belle France*: "The style of this artist weakens the great traditions of French painting. This unpruned style, flamboyant gothic, asymmetric baroque, is opposed to the slender, graceful, precise French style."

Twenty-one canvases, selected by the Perls Gallery for the first New York Soutine show since the memorial exhibition held at the Museum of Modern Art in 1950, reveal, on the other hand, Soutine's kinship to a precursor whom he detested, to another "foreigner"—Van Gogh. As un-Gallic as this Hollander, Soutine painted rapidly, feverishly smearing his colors in very thick impasto on the canvas. Like Van Gogh, Soutine left many pictures that are imperfect, and hardly one picture that a

Cézanne would have considered finished. Perhaps as many as 1,000 oils survive, but these are, in all likelihood, only a small fraction of the works he dashed off between his arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there three decades later. For in his later years Soutine bought back and destroyed all those canvases that he no longer thought satisfactory.

Like Van Gogh, he will be remembered in the future by only a small number of works; and he, too, is a master of the self-portrait. Only one real self-portrait is known—the one of 1917 in the collection of Henry Pearlman, showing an uncouth, sulky, young man with an anguished "ugly" face. But, actually, all of Soutine's figures betray his features, revealing a defiant attitude towards a world he considered excessively hostile. In fact, *Portrait d'une Jeune Femme* (c. 1928) in the present show looks amazingly as if the artist had started the canvas as a self-portrait, and only as an afterthought added the female garments. One can discern Soutine's features, too, in the truculent adolescent boy (*Le Garçon à l'Habit Bleu*, c. 1925), and even in *La Petite Fille à la Poupée* (1920) whose little old lady face betrays the artist's own uneasiness.

Soutine's landscapes and still-lives also "conceal art" and "reveal the artist," the clumsy and unsophisticated Lithuanian Jew having been the very antithesis of the over-refined cynic

Wilde. The artist Kikoine, who came to Paris from Soutine's town, once told me how profoundly his boyhood friend loathed their native Smilovitchi and all it stood for. By contrast, Soutine was infatuated with French people, French landscapes and the flowers that grow in French gardens. But in the canvases painted prior to about 1923 even the peaceful French town of Céret was a "Smilovitchi" to him, to be devaluated, violated, and torn from its foundations. In four landscapes of 1920-1922 the houses are tossed about as if by a volcanic eruption, as if what the artist wanted most to do was to bury "Smilovitchi" under "a torrent of lava foaming in stormy billows," to borrow Waldemar George's apt description of Soutine's orgiastic colors.

By 1923, in *Paysage de Cagnes*, he has quieted down, the whirlwind has ceased, and the houses are allowed to stand. His personal life having turned happier, his work is calmer, even though the restlessness would never quite disappear from it. But the general trend, in the years to follow, is towards a more careful execution, a firmer composition, a closer resemblance to reality, indicative of changes in the artist's personality.

In the latest picture of the show, *L'Allée* (c. 1938), the wind is tossing and tearing the branches and foliage of the trees, but they are not uprooted. The struggle between the life and death instincts was not finished, but a stale-

## New York *continued*

mate had been reached—all that poor Soutine could ever hope to attain. Fame and money had finally come to him, but the artist, stricken with peptic ulcers, was by then too sick to enjoy his success. Fortunately, resignation did not lay in his temperament. New vistas opened to him, and the artist astonished the world by his touching, if naive statement that he wished, from then on, to paint in a more "classical" manner. He was to live only a few years, two of them years of anxiety, of hiding from the German invaders. But even if he had been granted a longer span of life, and one free of trouble, this undisciplined neurotic Easterner with a pillar of fire for a soul would never have become gallicized, would never have permitted his French benefactors to turn him into a 20th-century classicist.

All this could be gathered from the 80-odd canvases that were displayed at the Museum of Modern Art in 1950. The much smaller show at the Perls Galleries is no less instructive, thanks to the wise choice of examples revealing nearly all facets of Soutine's art. The

only stage of his career omitted is the first five or six years in which, as a poverty-stricken garret artist, he painted his now famous *Herrings* (1916), in brown, gray, and black—colors of gloom, hopelessness, melancholy and depression. By comparison, even the somber *Gladiolas* (c. 1919) in the present show, with their red leaves leaping upward like so many flaming tongues, are almost cheerful.

None of the 21 canvases, incidentally, has ever been shown publicly in this country, and some of them have been brought here from Europe only recently. To one who has seen many Soutines both here and abroad, this display offers no great revelations. Here, as in any good selection, Soutine appears as a true artist, and a true expressionist (according to the late Albert C. Barnes, who was his most outstanding patron, Soutine was the expressionist *par excellence*!). Here we meet again the vengeful, frustrated, almost megalomaniac artist who creates his own outlets and whose pictures contain the fulfillment of desires hidden even from him-

self. Fortunately, Soutine was more than what psychiatry calls a "half-artist," a neurotic who through artistic activity merely strengthens his life force, and reconciles the warring sides of his nature through projection and objectivation on the canvas. He was an artist belonging to the family of Van Gogh, Utrillo, Modigliani and Pascin, one who did not copy nature, but, in his agony, breathed the life of Man into the inanimate objects that he created and placed beside those of God.

But he was never sure of victory, not even when he painted the victorious red of the tomatoes in *Nature Mort au Canard* (c. 1924). What remained was the contrast between the contorted, "unnatural" forms and the juicy, life-streaming colors. Whatever he produced, a battle was fought on the canvas, a battle between mind and matter, idea and reality, even if Soutine himself was unaware of these categories. The artist was always honest enough to avoid the patched-up "compromise," to emphasize instead the endlessness and the hopelessness of the struggle.

## George Inness: A New Vision of Landscape *by Margaret Breuning*

An innovator in his day, George Inness is seen in a show of his landscape paintings, opening November 16 at Knoedler Galleries and on view until November 27. Dissatisfied with prevailing conventions—either the harsh color or the drab monotony of the artificial formulas for painting landscapes—Inness sought broader effects and freer handling. He was a gifted colorist with a fine appreciation of tones and values, and he knew how to create a harmony of tone that would hold his canvases together.

Even in the early, tentative works that are shown here one finds a richness of palette and soundness of design far removed from the dry thinness of many paintings by Inness' contemporaries. While most of the artists of the Hudson River School set their forms against a hard brilliance of sky, Inness' delicate, pallid sky acted as a foil for his patterns of light and shadow.

Fortunately, during his many sojourns in Europe, he escaped the deadening influence of Düsseldorf; he preferred to study in Paris or Rome, absorbing the principles he learned there but never imitating. Thus, if there are echoes of the Barbizon School in the works of his middle period, they are sensed in a distinctly personal adaptation. An even earlier French influence is evident in *Etretat* which suggests Delacroix' romanticism and impetuosity and the power of the seascapes painted by Courbet.



George Inness: "Sunset Etretat"

Inness suited his tempo and technique to each subject, so that there is a wide range of expression in his work. In *Windy Day*, a small canvas of figures in a landscape, he shows an appreciable grasp of the substance of things, of forms in relief, of the complexity of natural shapes. The sustained symphony of deep green in *Green Land-*

*scape* shows another facet of his art. And in the latest works, such as *Autumn Landscape*, one finds amorphous forms, blurred contours fading into one another in a prevailing brilliance of red. In all the paintings, however, there is the inescapable sense of the artist's personal, intimate sympathy with his themes.

## Space, Time and Mondrian *by Sidney Tillim*

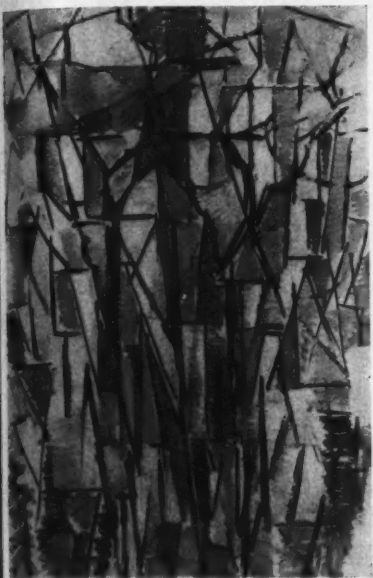
"Our subjective vision and experience," wrote Piet Mondrian in 1942, two years before his death, "make it impossible for us to be happy." Yet the popular conception of Mondrian—derived mainly from his late, classic paintings—is that of a man who had escaped human emo-

tion entirely. Now we can expect a revision of this attitude with the impact of the show of 50 years of his work on view until December 5 at the Sidney Janis Gallery.

Here, for the first time in this country, are significant examples of Mon-

drian's early work, seminal paintings, which launched his epic pilgrimage in space, time and tragedy. In the brilliant selection from his successive periods, his evolution is shown to be singularly purposive, vital rather than coldly intellectual (consider the paint quality

Piet Mondrian: "Composition with Trees"



alone!) in its drive towards a timeless scheme of esthetic unity. Naturalist, Zeeland (or fauve), cubist and finally classic works are something of an objective measure of Mondrian's vision of phenomenal truth. There is an undeniable compulsion in them and for this reason his rare self-portrait (1900) is more than historically interesting. His writings have suggested a vision fashioned in terms of revelation, but his style was the extension of an evangelical zeal which intended no conversions.

Mondrian demanded "the esthetic establishment of complete life," possibly an extreme view to some minds, but one which led him to evolve his theory of "dynamic equilibrium" which can rightly be compared to T. S. Eliot's vision of "the still point of the turning world." There is, however, in Mondrian's work none of the self-repudiation of "Ash-Wednesday." His prodigality was complete, and by prodigality is meant the exacting profligacy of his vision, a vision he felt we must free "if we cannot free ourselves." Self was loss of self, but with the paradoxical assertion of original will in the timeless sources of the human spirit.

These paintings, however, show that it was Mondrian's fundamental flexibility that accounted for his capacity to endure a tragic motivation. And this flexibility also explains the remarkable glow of life in his work. We cannot account for this immanence rationally without vulgarizing it through a concern for symptoms rather than a concern for expression.

He sought in fauvism less a quality of artistic revolution than a means by which to further the elucidation of the true reality he felt. It was the same with cubism, which he felt did not accept the logical consequence of its own discoveries—that its assault on space was equally an attack on time.

In a sense Mondrian practiced a kind of imitative magic: he approached equilibrium through an act similar in aspect to an eternal law as he felt it. This could have constituted a great personal risk had he become conscious of his own asceticism. Instead his rejection of the object was poetic rather than hostile. As it is manifested in his paintings, it is an image of order and discipline which is perhaps the only freedom worthy of aspiration.

## Memorial for an American Pioneer by Martica Sawin

The exhibition of Morgan Russell's work on view at the Rose Fried Gallery until November 30 cannot properly be called a retrospective; rather it is a commemorative of the single important phase of Russell's art, of his revolutionary theories and paintings developed in the years between 1912 and 1920. Included in the show are several small earlier works whose austerity gives a slight hint of the tremendous disciplinary efforts to come, but which do not yet reveal the stature of the pioneer American abstractionist who died a few months ago.

Possibly our first purist painter, Russell as early as 1912 abolished all connotative form, all frame of reference outside the picture itself, to evolve a new concept of color as form and to produce canvases whose reality lay solely in their existence. His "synchronies" are based simply on color sensation, on the evocative properties of differing values of light—or more precisely, color—in undulating waves and varying combinations. Consisting of involved and intricately plotted relationships of color, each work is marvelously composed so that every combination of color-forms is meaningful, and so that the eye is constantly entertained by its slow rhythms.

In the introduction to the catalogue of the 1913 exhibition at the Bernheim-Jeune Gallery in which he and Stanton Macdonald-Wright participated Russell wrote: "To resolve the problem of a new picture construction, I have used light as a series of related chromatic undulations and have studied more profoundly the harmonic rapports between colors. These color rhythms give to a picture the notion of time extension.... I have labored uniquely with color—its rhythms, its contrasts and certain directions motivated by color masses. One will not find therein a subject matter in the ordinary sense of the word; its subject is 'dark blue'."

The absolute realization of Russell's theories could not be achieved on canvas; this he understood as form gradually crept back into his work toward 1920. It remained for such contemporary devices as Thomas Wilfred's *Lumia Compositions* to arrive at the ultimate in "painting" with light and color alone. And yet, how barren this ultimate seems beside the half-revelations of the "synchronies" which transcend all limitations of doctrine, testifying not only to Russell the pioneer, but to Russell the painter!

Russell's later work is represented in this show by a large canvas titled *Res-*

*urrection* (1942-50) which deals with conventional subject matter while retaining the same abstract concepts of design. The strange radiance and slow momentum of the suspended figure in this work recall the synchronist ideas.



Morgan Russell: "Synchronie #9"

## New York Notes

The New York Historical Society has published a special limited edition of 300 copies of "American Academy of Fine Arts and American Art-Union" (in two illustrated volumes), by Mary Bartlett Cowdrey, assistant director, Smith College Museum of Art. The books contain a history of the American Academy by Theodore Sizer, professor of the history of art at Yale; a history of the American Union by Charles E. Baker, editor, the

New York Historical Society; an analysis of the "Sale of Art Union Holdings 1852," by Malcolm Stearns, Jr., Wesleyan University, and a foreword by James Thomas Flexner, historian of American art. Information in the work covers the period 1816-1852. Flexner points out in his foreword that because the American Academy and the American Art-Union "were channels through which flowed much of the artistic activity of the times."

the volumes present "documentation for studies in almost every aspect of American culture throughout the period."

• A collection of 200 Puerto Rican "santos" will be exhibited for the first time in the U.S. from November 24 to January 9 at the Cooper Union Museum. The collection includes carved devotional figures dating from the 16th century.



## 57th Street

Ogden Pleissner: "Ebb Tide"



Charles Littler: "Objects"



Morris Kantor:

"Imagery in Landscape"

Howard Mandel: "Lovers"

### City Center Group

The second exhibition in the recently organized City Center Gallery is admirably devoted to the work of younger and, for the most part, unknown artists who work in the avant garde manner. This is in keeping with the announced intention of this non-profit organization, directed by Ruth Yates, to exhibit paintings in all styles and mediums but in separate exhibitions.

The judges for this November showing were Robert Motherwell, Hans Hofmann and Vaclav Vytlacil. In the 40 paintings they selected, certain insinuations of their private interests as painters were, of course, unavoidable. But in general this show has a gratifyingly wide range of subject and approach. The tendency is towards an acknowledged violence of paint and an abandoned dissection of the surface and, where it is introduced, of the object.

Haste and a measure of indiscreet waste mark a variety of ambitions: some of the paintings are distracting by virtue of technical incompetencies.

But there are also some promising paintings in the show, and the most original ones are those in which influences have not been muddled by an obsession for originality. Perhaps it is unwise in this kind of thing to pick one painter over another, but Theodore Brenson, Sam Spanier, Earl Pierce, A. Luman Dain, Marcia Marcus, Inazio Lamanne, Michael Loew and D. Heller Grunig deserve more than a passing reference. (City Center, to Nov. 29.)—S.T.

### Ogden M. Pleissner

In his paintings of Paris, Pleissner does not appear to seek the picturesque, but to transmute familiar aspects into fresh pictorial interpretations. His authoritative craftsmanship supports the fineness of his perceptions. Richness of *matière*, variety of textures and subtle patterns of light that clarify design are apparent in all of his canvases. The detail of streets, bridges, quays and winding river are harmoniously co-ordinated.

The artist's special gift, perhaps, is his ability to infuse his scenes with an inner life, the life that has flowed into and receded from them. Thus it is not architectural veracity—though architec-

ture is skillfully presented—that dominates these paintings, so much as a reflection of living.

Contrasting with the mellow charm of Parisian scenes, there are a number of Maine landscapes—rocky ledges, dark water and sullen skies carried out in a deeper gamut of notes to intensify their rugged character. (Milch, Nov. 16-Dec. 5.)—M.B.

### Hubert Crehan

Suspended, floating colors with ragged edges, or rich plays on a single color, reinforced by perhaps the tiniest jarring note, maniacally placed and insistent as a diabolic whisper—these are what Crehan paints. All suggestion to the observer has been relentlessly eliminated and one has the pleasure simply of the painting's presence. Compelling presences they are, although one dare not become fully involved as the knowledge revealed here is too complete, too final. It deadens impulse, stops all questioning. The paint is more painstaking than violent, and encrusted surfaces, richly worked, lead the eye on private adventures over seductive terrain.

Mention of Clyfford Still is unavoidable. Both artists approach painting in the same courageous fashion; they share a common idea and mode of expression—Still more austere, Crehan slightly flamboyant. (Stable, to Nov. 21.)—M.S.

### Intimate Paintings

This select group of small paintings explores the roots of modern American art in the late 19th century. Each work is of highest quality and is admirably illustrative of the artist's finest achievement. A serene Eilshemius, a luminous George Luks and a Child Hassam head the list, together with Winslow Homer's *The Red Feather*. Marsden Hartley's *Grapes* and Elliot Orr's *Wintertime* represent more recent achievements of extraordinary vigor. (Babcock, to Dec. 31.)—F.S.L.

### Howard Mandel

A year spent in Europe on a Fulbright grant has gone a long way to healing some of the war-time anguish which haunted Mandel's earlier work. The predominant color in the present paintings is a warm and airy yellow which radi-

ates a clean, dry warmth. The figures living in this atmosphere are highly stylized and move as deliberately as dramatic characters whose destiny is already known. *Ibiza* clearly demonstrates this manner: the figure of the priest, the indolent youth and the women seem to live in the mind of a chess-player who knows all future positions and configurations.

This sense of destiny must have inspired many travelers in the small villages of Spain and Italy, where tradition has assigned the roles of each inhabitant for centuries, but few artists have been able to express the theme with more precision than Mandel. Technically his ability is a match for sensitivity. Despite the uncompromising opacity of his pigments, he manages to achieve effects of translucence with delicate juxtapositions of pure color. (Ganso, to Nov. 21.)—F.S.L.

### Morris Kantor

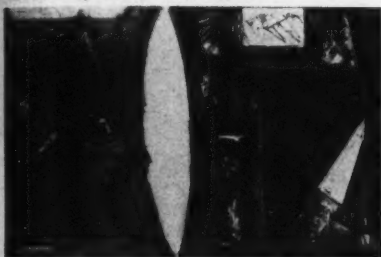
Successive exhibitions by this artist always reveal the impact of a new esthetic. In his present show, the sharply defined contours and formal design of his earlier work give way to a diffuse expression. Amorphous planes jostle one another, usually in a sweeping upward movement. There are suggestions of Oriental art in these paintings: horizontal forms prevail, rising from fluent areas of color; and balance is achieved in the opposition of a mass of strong notes to spreading surfaces of cool tones. In one characteristic canvas, *Motive for Nocturne* a group of brilliant orange figures stands out from areas of green and blue. A delicate equilibrium is achieved here though the resolution of forms and color is completely asymmetrical and capricious. (Rehn, to Nov. 21.)—M.B.

### Leonid

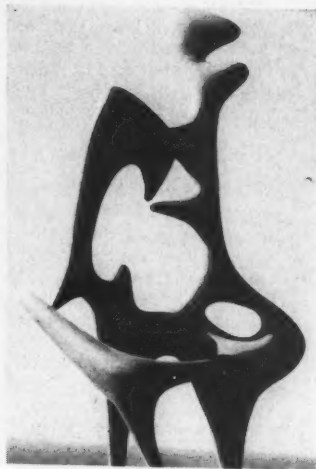
Sky, earth and water melt into each other in an atmospheric vastness which translates specific locale into a universe of infinite space. Still crafts in dark silhouette cast rippleless shadows on calm waters and small, masterfully drawn figures—Portuguese fishermen, oyster growers, seaweed gatherers with fantastic webbed baskets—are isolated



Hans Hofmann: "#2-1953"



Kenneth Callahan: "Cascade Mountain"



Joseph Kaplan: "Commercial Street"

Franz Sandow: "Musical Instrument"

accents, appearing mirage-like within the dreamy haze. A gently curved horizon strengthens the sense of the infinite, and multiple perspectives contribute an impression of extended time. Light from no particular source suffuses the scene with the radiance of dawn or the hush of a transparent mist.

Leonid's fundamental concepts have changed little in 20 years, but he has refined and developed his art until no line remains between the magic and the real. (Durlacher, to Dec. 12.)—M. S.

#### Hans Hofmann

A protean figure dedicated to gigantic essentials which he expresses with a joy of affirmative creation, Hans Hofmann is showing his most recent work—a group of immense canvases. Filled with stark forms and vivid colors, these canvases are held together by monumental tensions expressive of struggle. *Composition Number 2*, with its luminous yellow cat's eye outlined in crimson, set against ultramarine and attacked by two slanting rectangles of red, is one of the most ingratiating examples of Hofmann's art. Despite the titanic scope of his work, Hofmann never neglects detail: here he gives the same attention to the minute streaks of color in his broader brush strokes as he gives to the entire concept of the painting. *Composition Number 12*, a tightly integrated design of shattered colors, is more complex, depending on shifting patterns of light (introduced as bold patches of white interspersed among the glowing colors) and swirling motion between poles, rather than on the conflict of opposing forces.

Hofmann's more lyric paintings have a certain affinity with Kandinsky's later work. Their colors are brighter; they are allowed to expand with perfect freedom. But the lyricism here is more masculine than Kandinsky's. (Kootz, to Dec. 12.)—F. S. L.

#### Joseph Kaplan

Several canvases in this show indicate a new point of departure for Kaplan. Where before his interest in chiaroscuro resulted in heavy scumbling and modeled surfaces, now he tends to use clean, large areas of pure paint. This felicitous change is marked in *Commercial Street*,

a view of Provincetown, and in *Pumpkin*, an elegant still-life in which brilliant orange plays against subtle blacks and grays. (Salpeter, to Dec. 5.)—D.A.

#### Bernard Rosenthal

Most of the pieces in this exhibition were executed during the past year. Taken together, they show considerable growth. Rosenthal's earlier work was well made and showed an architectural sense of scale but it was also, at times, more ornamental and mannered (hence sentimental) than truly expressive—a kind of large, fragile, stylized garden sculpture. Now, the sense of aspiration without illusion, the austere lyricism characteristic of his art, is projected with less elaboration and artifice, and the contours, especially in *Three Standing Women*, emerge clean and confident.

Rosenthal works in bronze and brass, using long thin rods and hollow shells to construct tall, emaciated standing figures of prophets and kings, of a bride encaged, of Orpheus and Eurydice. He has a marked feeling for brusque, rhythmically distributed lines in space. Recently he has made some reclining female figures in which the usually rectilinear character of his work is modified with interlocking arcs and crescents.

Two other changes are apparent: a more personal use of the formal language that derives from Giacometti, and, with the essentialization of form, a new wiry strength.

Rosenthal develops in a straight line; his latest pieces suggest that he is becoming more interested in the interplay (or perhaps the fusion) of line and mass. (Viviano, to Nov. 30.)—J.F.

#### Kenneth Callahan

Drawings, small temperas and two oils, done during the last year, comprise this show which further manifests Callahan's ideas about the continuing processes of creation and disintegration.

The simultaneity of various stages of life and death pervades Callahan's work; for example, the sun to him is at once "a whirlpool of death" and "a revolving sun of life." Several of his turbulent paintings contain cells within which figures huddle and horses and riders swarm. In others figures and

rocks are fused into a shifting, barely distinguishable mass. The artist himself has written of "people locked in small pockets, whirling through life and space," traveling the orbits of their own existences oblivious of each other. \*

Callahan's drawing has a brilliance and a speed and fluidity which underscore his concept of simultaneous composition and decomposition. Chalky white hatchings, which form chaotic networks, give a luminosity to his work.

A tranquil contrast to the paintings is provided by the *Cascade Mountain* series, landscapes in brush and ink. These delicately rendered mountain vistas have an Oriental appearance, due more to the style of brushwork than to a truly Oriental use of space.

In all the work a sense of the ruggedness and vastness of the artist's Pacific Northwest environment is combined with a highly civilized concept of evolution. (Walker, to Dec. 5.)—M. S.

#### Cronbach, Sandow, Struppeck

These three sculptors all reject classical concepts of volume and attempt to create weight-free sculpture.

Robert Cronbach, who at one time was Paul Manship's assistant, now works along neo-plastic lines. His delicate constructions (wired with almost invisible metal threads) are well adapted for architectural decor. Subtly balanced, they are designed to respond to the barest touch of an air current.

Franz Sandow, a West Coast artist working mostly in wood, tends to be more figurative. His expertly carved pieces have curvilinear contours, and suggest the joints and facets of the human figure.

Jules Struppeck, in attenuated metal sculptures, emphasizes angular forms. He uses long bars, zigzagging in formal patterns, to describe fish, grasshoppers and other organic subjects. His is an essentially linear approach; he circumscribes rather than constructs forms. (Schaefer, to Dec. 5.)—D. A.

#### Pre-Columbian Mexican Art

The Tarascan artist was among the most direct creators in the history of art. Nothing was too insignificant for him to record. Among the clay statues and water vessels in this show are a



## 57th Street continued

figure eating, one yawning and one sitting with humorous aplomb. Rendered with bold simplicity, these Tarascan figurines are often monumental in effect.

On the other hand, the Mayan art in this exhibition is a highly formalized art which has affinities with Oriental sculpture. Several elegant smiling Mayan heads are included in the show.

The most extraordinary piece in the show is unquestionably a Huastacan sandstone figure about three feet high. It portrays a thin old man leaning on a staff—an exquisitely poised figure carved to bring out the most expressive contours. In its circumscription of space, its angular facets opposed to curves, this sculpture could easily be a masterpiece of our own century. (Carlebach, to Nov. 30.)—D.A.

### A. A. Shikler

The artist, whose background includes training at the Tyler School of Fine Arts, the Barnes Foundation and the atelier of Hans Hofmann, draws his technique more from the 17th-century Dutch painters than from any modern school. Diminutive in size and meticulous in execution, his portraits strike a satisfactory balance between the objective appearance of the sitter, the artist's personal sympathies and the sitter's own assessment of his character.

As is so often the case in portraiture, Shikler is at his best in works obviously not commissioned but rather prompted by his own esteem or love for the portrayed. The pensive and complex *Portrait of Dave Levine*, a painting entitled *The Jockey* and two lovely portraits of the artist's wife, reminiscent of Vermeer in their cool and fragile tonalities, are among the best examples of his very intimate portraiture. (Davis, to Nov. 21.)—F.S.L.

### Harold Paris

Like many contemporary mystics, Paris has developed a language of suggestive, but never specific symbols. In his paintings one imagines one sees traces of Egyptian symbology—for example, an eagle-headed woman. In another vein, there are covert allusions to Biblical events and what seem to be prophets and seers. In all the small works however, the mood is demonic.

Paris uses ink, aniline dyes and encaustic, giving his paintings the smooth look of film negatives. Sometimes the colors—a variety of red and sulphurous yellows—resemble those of medical illustrations. A brooding tone, with intimations of disaster, prevails—and that is about as close as we can get to the meaning of this curious projection. (Galerie Moderne, to Dec. 4.)—D.A.

### Daniel Maloney

Delicate precision of contour, sound modeling of form and discriminating use of color are traits of Maloney's watercolors. They are painted with unassailable accuracy of detail. But this reality is transformed curiously into unreality. In *Memorials*, for example, figures risen from their graves sit placidly on their tombs in a broad landscape setting. An eerie conception, it is expressed in concrete terms.

Maloney's subjects are engaging children, appealing birds and beasts and a

poignantly satirized *Lady Chairman*. His show also includes some unusual yet reverent depictions of saints. *St. Francis* assumes a rather belligerent attitude among his "little brothers," the birds; *St. Anthony* displays his immunity to the temptations spread before him, a rather uninviting collection of objects. (Hewitt, to Nov. 28.)—M.B.

### Morris Davidson

Abstractions by this artist grow from a deep knowledge of painting and from an unflinching instinct for discerning the inner structure of things. Most of Davidson's compositions are unmistakably rooted in the external world—interiors, still-lives and boating scenes. Yet, he has distilled them to a point where the picture plane, at first glance, appears to be merely an extremely well-articulated abstract pattern. Later, the images emerge—full-volumed forms in great variety.

Very often Davidson makes a single color a "key" around which he plays arabesque variations. When he allows his brush freedom (as in *Abstraction in Gray*) he achieves a poetic ambiguity. (Passedoit, to Nov. 21.)—D.A.

### George Ortman

Although the paintings in this first one-man show cover a period of four years, they deal consistently with the same organic subject matter: insect and plant forms with erotic undertones. The earlier paintings are largely derivative, springing from the work of Matta and Gorky, although they are admirably executed in terms of swift expressive line and provocative shapes. But the artist has gradually eliminated both line and obvious influences from his work and in his last paintings he emerges with a meaningful communication of his own. Now he works with flat color areas in soft tones arranged to suggest earth's basic elements and the unfolding of concealed growths.

Ortman's graphic work consists mostly of small etchings in rich textures and strong burin line. They depict organic forms and embryonic shapes turning inward on each other. (Tanager, Nov. 20-Dec. 10.)—M.S.

### Seymour Drumlevitch

The fruit of two years which the artist spent in Italy on a Prix de Rome, these vivid abstractions draw their themes from the architectural vistas of Italian cities. Myriad brightly colored facets are interworked with heavy black line; random architectural elements appear in a decorative rather than structural capacity.

The lacquer with which Drumlevitch paints creates a jeweled surface, but a depth and richness of pigment are lacking. This is compensated by the shifting light and movement of the fragmented two-dimensional patterns through which loom suggestive traces of Rome's ancient monuments. (Jackson, Nov. 18-Dec. 5.)—M.S.

### Andre Racz

An unremitting search for a meaningful iconography has led Racz to a number of fruitful sources, among them the Old and New Testaments, and Spanish lore. His personal interpretations of old



Harold Paris: "The Time of Becoming"



Daniel Maloney: "Memorials"



Morris Davidson: "Morning in the City"



A. A. Shikler: "Dave Levine"



themes are worked out in related series of intaglio prints (large and heavily worked to suggest depth), which are accompanied by his own poetry.

Most of the prints in this show were produced during the past two years, and relate to Biblical themes. Racz' unmistakable style—scarred and mottled light areas springing from dense black grounds—emphasizes the drama of such themes as the New Testament miracles, Salome's Dance and Ecce Homo. Often Racz follows baroque precedents, creating an amorphous nocturnal atmosphere in which figures are barely discernible. (As in *Christ on Gethsemane*, for example.) Other echoes of the past are found in his characterization of the apostles, small and open-faced figures reminiscent of romanesque images. (The Contemporaries, to Dec. 5.)—D.A.

#### Picasso and Toulouse-Lautrec

A well-rounded selection from the mass of Picasso's graphic work, this show presents rich contrasts. There is the poignancy of the saltimbanque dry-points of 1905 and the fluid grace of the classic line etchings; there are also the disturbing heads of recent lithographs. Included are examples from "The Sculptor" series, some of the outstanding bull-fight lithographs and an almost raucous 1947 variation on Cranach's *David and Bathsheba*.

In view of the welter of sentimentality into which Toulouse-Lautrec has been plunged of late, it is reassuring to find May Milton, Aristide Bruant and Jane Avril here in their original vitality of contour. In addition to a dozen more or less familiar posters, the show includes a rare print (one of two extant) of P. Sescou, *Photographe* with a small nude whipping a pig in an upper corner. Sescou ordered this rapidly removed. (Saidenberg, Nov. 23-Dec. 31.)—M.S.

#### Frank Montgomery

In painting his vivid reactions to the beauty of a landscape or the rhythmic structure of a still-life, this young artist successfully combines a number of approaches. From the impressionists he derives a light palette; from the expressionists, a sense of dynamic movement, and from certain abstract vocabularies, a simplification of forms. Montgomery's sensitivity to the moods, the shifting elements in nature, is obvious in all of his work. However, sometimes his urgent need to absorb an experience rapidly results in work that is sketchy. (Matrix, to Dec. 5.)—D.A.

#### Harry Jackson

When a man is allowed to choose his own battlefield and selects open country he is either suicidal or knows his limitations to such an extent that they become his weapons.

The youth of a young painter is already a limitation; but in his second one-man show Jackson establishes the ratio of his ambitions to his age, 29, and exhibits a significant and serious talent.

The very size of his canvases, which in one sense extend beyond the edges of the works, is analogous to that dangerous open country. Call him undaunted. He paints very much with an im-

patient hand and a certain carelessness is inevitable. But he has the confidence and conception to make a canvas measuring 8' by 12' his captive. In years to come, when the time comes to look back on his work, this could be an important painting. It is called *The Family*, and the other paintings finally come to it for resolution.

Matisse is Jackson's acknowledged master and in a number of drawings his influence is most apparent. But it is a credit to Jackson that his assimilation of the Frenchman's lesson is unashamed and therefore not imitative. (Tibor De Nagy, to Dec. 5.)—S.T.

#### Zoltan Sepeshy

The distinction of Sepeshy's gouaches is re-affirmed in this exhibition which also includes his oils and watercolors. Sepeshy's intricate interweaving of planes is never a mere cerebral solution to an artistic problem; it is rather a proof of his perception of essential forms. A gouache, *On Deck*, epitomizes his approach. It shows rectangles impinging on cylindric ventilators with round and oval vents. Contrapuntally, one motive is added to another, in a crescendo of movement. The planes of light that thrust through this structure or envelop solid forms bind the design together in luminous harmony.

Mexican scenes, particularly *Roof Tops* and the witty *Strolling Clerics*, reveal the same vibrant contrasts of light and shadow. Notable, too, is the beauty of color and textures in *Fuschias*, a small canvas with details arranged in a striking arabesque. (Midtown, Nov. 17-Dec. 5.)—M.B.

#### Bernard Rosenquit

So static are Rosenquit's figures in their austere settings that they seem to be ghostly visitors from another realm. At his best, Rosenquit composes small groups of mask-like faces or aimless figures which are pointedly unrelated to each other or to their surroundings. A palette limited to chalky white, pink, black and gray sustains the cold, dreamlike tone.

The most effective painting in the group is *The Quest*. In this, the artist juxtaposes figures in such unlikely attitudes that the spectator has to readjust his vision to an almost surreal image. (Roko, to Dec. 11.)—D.A.

#### Cynthia Green

A year's visit to the ancient town of Ouro Preto in Brazil is reflected in Miss Green's first one-man show. Her series of oils on wood is a distinguished report on this locale and its people. Her forms are thoughtfully composed and she shows something of Degas' assurance in the placement of figures. Color harmonies are close and express external appearances with a detached authority. These are pleasant and convincing statements. (Barzansky, to Nov. 21.)—S.F.

#### New Gallery Group

Gallery regulars, some of whom will have one-man shows during the coming season, are featured in this show. Canvases by Seong Moy and Robert Conover dominate the exhibition, the former with active colorful shapes, the latter with dark simple forms. The late Eugenie

Baizerman is represented by an early *Sunflowers* in rounded, flowing forms, and by her last canvas, painted with more staccato strokes of sparkling color. There are more representational pictures, too: Boris Aronson's buttery *Dormition of the Virgin and Child with Book*, Marcello Boccacci's simply stated *Ardmina*, and Lester Polakov's *The Bridge—Arles*, a theatrical interpretation of the site under a red sky. (New, to Nov. 28.)—S.F.

#### Sidnee Livingston

Simplifications of nature rather than abstractions, these carefully constructed oils convey various moods from the tender sentiment of *Time for Bed* to the primitive ritualism of *Sun Dance*. Tendencies toward stylization are overcome by imaginative composition and controlled color.

In her monotypes the artist uses watercolor instead of the customary oil, producing rich and unusual textures, freshness and immediacy. Mostly depicting female figures and heads, with suggestions of period costume, these little monotypes have a rare grace and charm and are executed with sensibility. (Wellons, Nov. 16-28.)—M.S.

#### Peggy Bacon

In these excellent wash drawings of rural New England, special emphasis is placed on locales frequented by the tourist. Miss Bacon's depictions of hotel porches and indifferent strollers in the forests of Maine are clearly satiric, but at no time does she allow anecdote to overpower the pictorial values of her drawings. In her contrasts of magnificent landscapes and dyspeptic humans she is never sentimental; she permits the landscapes to speak for themselves with admirable objectivity.

A particularly scary impression of a forest interior and two grotesque figures walking along a path, *Deadwood* most successfully unites Miss Bacon's deep understanding for landscape, her ability for catching the fragrance and mood of a scene, and her equally intense criticism of dissatisfied men unwilling to enjoy their surroundings. (Kraushaar, to Dec. 19.)—F.S.L.

#### Hubert Davis

Using a pictorial shorthand of small, clean strokes, Davis suggests more details than he actually paints. Recently he exhibited paintings of Greek isles which had a bright impressionist look about them. He accentuates the pictorial aspects of his subject, giving a dramatized window-view of naturalistic fragments. *Penteli* and *Platea in Physico* are effective and solid statements. (Eggleston.)—S.F.

#### Harry Sternberg

In the course of 25 years of printmaking, Harry Sternberg has responded to many cultural and esthetic trends. His development from 1927 to the present is comprehensively traced in this retrospective of lithographs, etchings and serigraphs.

Early etchings in an orthodox old-master manner are either allegories of social injustices or direct genre repre-

[continued on page 26]



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## Books

### Primer of Modern Architecture

"AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN ARCHITECTURE," by J. M. Richards. Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1953. 187 pp., \$.65.

Reviewed by Adeline R. Tintner

This indispensable and unique-at-any-price handbook on modern architecture, intended primarily for British readers, has been revised for the first time in 13 years, although in 1947 a badly printed American edition, written with Elizabeth B. Mock, brought it more or less up to that date. It now has an index, 23 additional photographs, an extended bibliography and some blasted hopes. For the original text of 1940 tells us: "England may be said to be the headquarters of modern architecture," and more than half of that edition's 44 illustrations of contemporary buildings are English. The sole example of American work is a 1901 Wright house.

In the 1953 revision, the greatest number for any one country, nine, out of the 23 added photographs are given to the United States. And the text reports that "the main centre of activity in the years since 1945 has undoubtedly been the United States." The architect in Britain is severely hampered by economic stringency, even though England now leads the world in planning. But there are no luxury materials, and the most successful buildings shown are the

schools in which one standard dimension is the planning unit.

The main architectural events of the past 13 years, in addition to the emergence of the United States as vital center, are the blossoming of Brazil, fertilized by the 1936 visit of Le Corbusier (now a lone figure in France); the vitality of post-war Italian building despite its lack of planning or dedication to social needs, and the recession of Germany, Russia and Holland — pre-Second World War leaders—from the avant garde.

In the new volume, one misses the interesting material on Swiss contemporary architecture which the Mock revision introduced (only the Maillart bridge is here noted). The illustrations have unfortunately been split into five groupings, making it five times as hard to locate them, and they are not included in the index. If "the best place to go in Europe is Italy" in order to see "modern architecture at its most vigorous and vital" there should be more than one example as against eight British examples. But such regrets carry little weight in these inflationary times when we take stock of what Richards and Penguin Books have given us: the clearest, best illustrated account and rationale of modern architecture, for the price of a few subway rides.

### The Reflective Eye continued from page 6

Art" — it cost \$37.50 — will not save a great deal by purchasing "The Voices of Silence"—it costs \$25.00, an exorbitant price for a book which, in spite of the beauty and pertinence of its illustrations, is primarily valuable for its text. There is a French edition that costs about \$5.50 in American money; that volume is in the reach of students; the American one is hardly so. It is printed on a heavy paper that makes it a half-inch thicker and a half-pound heavier than its French counterpart; since it has become an unwieldy volume, it comes boxed.

Stuart Gilbert has found it necessary

in making the translation to expand Malraux's text by ten per cent; by setting more lines to the page than there are in the French edition, the publishers have followed Malraux's arrangement page for page—an important consideration where the text and the illustrations are so dramatically related. But the added wordage is added baggage, and does an injustice to Malraux's epigrammatic style.

These remarks are intended as a reprimand to the publisher. They are not intended to dissuade possible readers, who are, indeed, urged to read this book at all costs.

### Books Received

CERAMIC SCULPTURE, by John B. Kenny (New York: Greenberg, \$7.50.) An illustrated manual describing methods and processes.

CHIPS FROM MY CHISEL, by Grace H. Turnbull. (New Hampshire: Richard R. Smith, \$5.) The autobiography of a widely traveled sculptor.

CREATIVE TEACHING IN ART, by Victor D'Amico. (Scranton: International Textbook, \$4.) A revised edition of a 1942 book by the director of the education department at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

DESIGN, by Sybil Emerson. (Scranton: Laurel, \$5.95.) A creative approach to the study of design; written by a professor of art education at Pennsylvania State College.

THE DARING YOUNG MEN, by David H. Dickason. (Bloomington: Indiana University, \$5.) The story of the American pre-Raphaelites,

told by a professor of English at Indiana University.

EARLY CHRISTIAN IVORIES, by Joseph Natanson. (Florida: Transatlantic Arts, \$2.) A concise history and iconography of carved ivories of the fourth to sixth centuries.

FROM THE SKETCH TO THE FINISHED PICTURE, by Leonard Richmond, R.O.I., R.B.A. (New York: Pitman, \$5.95.) Step-by-step analysis of the process of oil painting.

THE HUMAN FIGURE, by David K. Rubins. (New York: Studio Crowell, \$3.95.) An outline of anatomy for art students, by a teacher at the John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis, Ind.

THE PLEASURES OF PAINTING, by Adrian Hill. (New York: Pitman, \$6.) How a watercolorist set himself free from "technical bondage" and conventional ways of painting.



## committee on art education

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representing all levels of education

### Can Design Be Taught? by Harry Holtzman

Dullness is not a gift.  
It is an achievement.

—EARL C. KELLEY

As a professor of education I thoroughly enjoy my work. But here I would like to emphasize that the more I am interested in education and the more I am interested in learning, the more I am against "teaching."

Possible assumptions in such an abstract question as "Can design be taught?" are more discernible to me if I say "Can design be taught or can anything else for that matter?" The question is useful to emphasize the major operational disaster, the predominant tragedy in today's schools, including ateliers and art schools. I get an unhappy image of my early self and others in conflict with parents, teachers, friends, colleagues and fellow artists—a kind of forest of people, a real cross-cultural polyglot—all their arms waving, gesticulating with fierce expressions of Sincerity, all the mouths emitting such pious sounds as "Creative," "Individual," "Universal," "Beautiful," "Truth," "Reality," "Natural," etc.

This little daydream-nightmare conjures itself out of the fog of my past semantic environment (*et tu Brute?*). Every one of these figures is trying so hard to get me to see The One Truth, The One Reality. Curiously enough, the more frantic the gestures and the louder the sounds, the more remote I feel from them. They are all "sincerely" trying to be Reasonable (with a capital R) and none of them seems to be aware that being Reasonable means only "reason my way." So I wake up screaming, "Holy cats! If you want to avoid conflict, stop trying to be Reasonable!" Questions—even all questions—can be seen as perfectly logical. But logic gets us nowhere, remains merely an exercise of our oral musculature if we don't check the levels of operational assumptions included in that logic. Even the insane are most logical.

The problems of our relating to each other—as consumers and/or producers broadcasting in terms of sex, politics, religion, writings, paintings, music, dance, physics, mathematics, etc., in magazines or at private parties—have to do with our own individual (small i) needs. These are doomed to frustration and atrophy if we fail to recognize the mutuality of needs. Despite all theory, we live in terms of the uniqueness of each person's sensations and perceptions, and each person's realities (with a small r), and each person's truths (with a small t). This is easy to talk about but tough to act on.

At the college level, if you can get them to speak about it, most students underscore the familiar preposterous image of most teachers: a figure stand-

ing there in a classroom in order to oblige people to follow his exalted way of what they should do and how they should do it (this includes art and everything else). Then there is "admiration" (tests and high marks); and for those who follow what they are told to do and how to do it into the broader patterns of their lives there is "success" (fame, money, etc.). My hunch is that this is precisely the pattern of "teaching" underlying the misery and pain that overwhelmingly enters and all but predominates the lives of all but a few.

The Jehovah pattern is the best reason I know for closing all the schools at once—if not permanently, at least to declare a 10-year moratorium (keeping the teachers on the payroll, of course, during this time). This is where "art" separates itself completely from "education" and enters the world of professionalism, cliché and stereotype—the "academic." Let us not throw away the "art," baby, with the "educational" bathwater. It seems to me that all we can tell people is the way we look at things ourselves. This isn't supposed to become a barrier or a pattern for others, so let us forewarn them. The American road to hell is paved with awfully high "progressive" intentions—high divorce rates and high percentages of citizens passing through mental institutions. We who assume the responsibility of acting as surrogates of human mystery and rites-of-passage have at least the problem of recognizing the consequences of how we are filling our own needs and finding our own "equilibrium" when we act as teachers. This goes for "art" and any other "teaching."

Maybe the question might well read "Can design be taught to ourselves?" The point is that the cultivation of learning—progressive self-change and self-development—in others depends upon whether or not we are experiencing it ourselves. (In art this is called "creative" development.) It is indeed difficult to accept the idea, as we look into the mirror of our behavior and then commence to contemplate our own teaching navels, that when we speak, see, listen to others we are seeing, speaking, listening to ourselves at the same time. Our own perceptions, needs, goals, purposes and desires become precisely the only happy (or unhappy) dimensions from which we ourselves live and work. This is supported by every contemporary theory of perception. Thus we produce the environment of hopes, dreams and/or miseries in those likewise susceptible humans-in-being who are our children, friends, students, colleagues—and teachers.

Recently I visited an art class in a high school. Everybody there, myself included, was behind the old eight-ball of mixed motives. The situation could be described something like this: the regular teacher of this art class was absent, so it was taken over by a so-called "regular" substitute teacher

(known to the students from past experience). The substitute very formally announced that the regular teacher was not going to be there!

Standing next to her was a student teacher who had been working with that group every week for at least 12 weeks. The substitute teacher clapped her hands to gain the attention of the group and again very formally announced that the class would be conducted by the student teacher.

Immediately on this announcement, the focus of attention dissipated and Mrs. Substitute began clapping her hands frantically and virtually shouting for everybody to keep quiet. There were about 40 students, yet she maintained this fruitless effort over the extraordinary wall-like indifference and determination of nearly every member of the group. It suddenly had the mood of a scene in Jean Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet," a kind of inexorable, mysterious, inevitable antagonism of one force against itself. She just had to quit.

Then the young student teacher took over and, just as mysteriously, there was suddenly a united focus of all the students upon her and her words. Now, as she was a student teacher (not under any relationship to me at all, in case you think I was her "snoopervisor") she was obliged to have a "lesson plan," and so he began her "lesson." The instant the assignment was assigned, just as mysteriously a new schism appeared. The boy sitting in front of me in the very rear of the room pulled out his newspaper and opened to the sports page. Four of his colleagues immediately grouped with him. *And the student teacher went right on teaching.*

About half the students seriously engaged themselves with their paper and materials and in a few minutes it was obvious that about half the students were otherwise employed. *And the student teacher went right on teaching.*

It seems that all the older boys somehow clustered around the rear and left side of the room, and these boys, healthy adolescents, were obviously bored with the situation. Once in a while these 10 youngsters—when Mrs. Substitute teacher glanced in their direction with an anxious wave of her hand and an occasional slapping of her palms—made believe they were paying attention to their work. *And the student teacher went right on teaching.*

Then after about 12 minutes of this scene, when everyone had "settled down" into this pattern, a girl student arose, proceeded to the desk in front for the pass "to leave the room." I don't think I ever saw anything so young more sexy (this reveals how I think!). She had already over her clear skin too much make-up and a dyed blonde forelock. Her skirt was a *la mode*, as tight around the hips as possible, and likewise her blouse accentuating her breasts. With elegant "indifference" she expertly swished down the aisle and out the door. And the boys sitting there acted as if they didn't see her. *And the student teacher went right on teaching.*

And the boys kept right on talking baseball, not thinking about the girl, of course, and others were making with paints. *And the student teacher kept right on teaching.*

Oh yes! I think the lesson was on how to make a textile block-print.

Harry Holtzman, assistant professor of design in the graduate division of the teacher education program, Brooklyn College, is editor of *transformation*.

November 15, 1953





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### **57th Street**

continued from page 23

sentations. During the '30s, Sternberg turned his attention to the life of the coal miner, producing a series of strong, naturalistic lithographs. At the same time, he began to simplify his compositions, picking up only the most significant details. This filtering and re-filtering paved the way for a fresh approach which appeared in the late '40s and survives to this day.

Less concerned with naturalistic detail, Sternberg now experiments with mixed media and the serigraph. One of the best prints in the exhibition is a small tondo in which two harlequins form a harmonious, reversible pattern on an abstract ground. (ACA, to Nov. 28.)—D. A.

### **One-Man Shows**

**FRANCISCO COLL:** Aspects of bullfighting and the attendant ceremonies in some 25 drawings by a versatile artist from Madrid (Argent, to Nov. 28)

. . . **DAVID STEWART:** Traditional watercolors of landscape and cityscape (Barbizon-Little, to Nov. 31) . . . **JOHN WYLIE:** Tectonic abstractions based on the relationship between still-life objects and the table on which they rest; also some more complex and well-designed pen drawings (Heller, to Dec. 5)

. . . **HERB OLSEN:** Precise watercolors of landscapes from New Mexico to New England combine fluid color and brittle line (Grand Central, Vanderbilt, Nov. 24-Dec. 5) . . . **ALFRED JONNIAUX:** Penetrating portraits of many notables including Godfrey Lowell Cabot of Boston, the Bishop of Ohio, and Basil O'Connor, president of the American Red Cross (Newton, to Nov. 21) . . . **HUGH MESIBOV:** Geometric cityscapes in low-key grays and yellows (Gallery East, to Dec. 2) . . . **WILLIAM F. DRAPER:** Bright, fashionable portraits of socially prominent personalities, done in the manner of Sargeant but lacking his flourish and sense of unapproachable luxury (Portraits, Inc.)

. . . **FRANCIS VANDEVEER KUGHLER:** A retrospective exhibition of realistic landscapes, still-lives and portraits of prominent women (Chapellier, to Nov. 21) . . . **HENRY TOLEDANO:** Emotionally charged pen-and-ink drawings, many on demonic themes, by an invalid who recently began to draw (Schaefer, to Dec. 5) . . . **JOHN G. ERNST:** Abstract watercolors by a primitive (Gallery East, to Dec. 2) . . . **FRANCIS JACQUES:** Ornithological and other naturalist subjects treated in a realistic manner (Kennedy, to Nov. 30) . . . **BENNETT BRADBURY:** Seascapes by a painter who has mastered all the techniques of rendering rocks and waves convincingly (Grand Central) . . . **CHARLES NORMAN:** A well-known author shows delicate watercolors and oils in which simple flower or fruit forms suggest a higher order of esthetic concept (Roko, to Dec. 11) . . .

. . . **LEE LEWIS:** Watercolors of city and rural houses, shown in a new one-room gallery (Lee Lewis) . . . **MAKOTO OIKE:** A student of Kuniyoshi's and Corbino's shows an impressive number of drawings and paintings, based on travels in Mexico and expressive of his profound understanding of and sympathy for the Mexican natives, their



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sufferings and their surroundings (Living, to Dec. 5) . . . **SIR ALFRED MURRAY**: A former president of the Royal Academy shows sporting paintings, done with wit and a sense of the world of fashion, plus studies of English rural life and gypsies. (Wildenstein, to Nov. 28.)

#### Group Shows

**CONTEMPORARY ARTS**: One in a series of monthly shows sponsored by a non-profit organization which is trying to promote sales of American painting to average-budget buyers. Titled "Paintings for Thanksgiving," the show includes work ranging from pure abstraction to expressionism and naturalism (to Dec. 23) . . . **SERIGRAPHS**: A Christmas group of colorful serigraphs by more than 40 artists working in a wide range of styles. Notable prints: Ann Wall's complex silk-textured abstractions; Henry Mark's moody compositions, and Warrington Colescott's brilliantly colored images of European cities (to Jan. 9) . . . **LITTLE GALLERY**: Old master drawings, mostly Renaissance, shown with rare antique sculptures and other *objets d'art* in a diminutive gallery (to Dec. 18) . . . **KENNEDY**: Currier and Ives prints, among them two handsome Hogarthian satires of the billiard parlor, and myriad Audubon birds, most striking of which is the American Hen (to Nov. 30) . . . **A. A. A.**: Among recently completed paintings by gallery regulars in a show called "Wet Paint" are those by Harry Engel, Nicholas Cikovsky and Sigmund Menkes (to Dec. 5) . . . **AEROLINEAS ARGENTINAS**: Five Argentine painters that represent the poetical reality of the South American school of painting stemming from impressionism—Clemente Lococo, Jr., Gaston Jarry, Cleto Ciochini, David F. Heynemann and Armando Repetto—have their first exhibition in this country (to Dec. 10).

#### Enit Kaufman

Vigorously painted, these oils, mostly landscapes, reveal more concern with surface appearance than with basic structure. Introduction of cubist motifs in some of the canvases gives a contrived effect which is not present in the more relaxed, confidently representational work. When she exercises a degree of selectivity, as in *On the Edge of Town*, Miss Kaufman's paintings have a suggestive quality, and in *The Striving Bird*, where the vitality of her brushwork is used to convey motion and turmoil, she has produced a dramatic and forceful picture. (Van Diemen-Lillienfeld, Nov. 17-Dec. 3.)—M.S.

#### Caravan Group

This open show features "The Representative in Art," and presents a well-rounded group, including three small delicate encaustic works by Sally DuVal, richly tinted and showing sensitive handling of the medium and suggestive restraint. Extreme contrasts are provided by David Pallock's large crude figures, painted with direct expressive means, and Isadora Newman's humorous, free little watercolors of *Big Black Buz-*

*zard's Band* which bring to life an old Dixieland favorite, "Muskrat Ramble," in delightful primitive fashion. (Caravan, to Nov. 27.)—M.S.

#### Leiber and Weinstein

In his smaller canvases, Gerson Leiber shows a pleasing talent for organizing tranquil colors, a subtle range of textures and strong rhythms in line and pattern. His larger works, however, in which he uses more strident color, are not clearly conceived or executed. Joyce Weinstein's work, reminiscent of Bonnard's, is prompted by a genuine love for color. Her landscapes and interiors are vivacious compositions seen entirely in terms of sunny hues. They display exuberance as well as discretion, and a considerable amount of taste. (Perdalm, to Dec. 4.)—F.S.L.

#### Marcus S. Bausch

Treating of opposites and complementaries, positive and negative symbolism, man and woman, the paintings of Marcus S. Bausch are uneven in quality yet charged with seriousness and sincerity. Bausch paints in various styles, but his most effective canvases are derived from cubist sources. In them opaque and glazed passages are combined in figures endowed with physical and emotional weight. (Kottler, to Nov. 28.)—S. F.

#### Peridot Group

The first exhibition in this gallery's handsome new quarters ranged from the freely painted, relatively naturalistic forms of Alfred Russell's figure-study and Reginald Pollack's interior to

wholly non-figurative images by Kimber Smith, Seymour Franks and Hyde Solomon, all exuberantly painted in intense color. In Weldon Kees' small collage, a dominant golden ochre is sparked with black, white and red configurations. Rosemarie Beck's painting on paper is somber, deep-toned. The show includes a small trap-like physiognomy in bronze by James Rosati, as well as work by Rollin Crampton, Pierre Tal Coat and Louise Bourgeois. (Peridot.)—S.F.

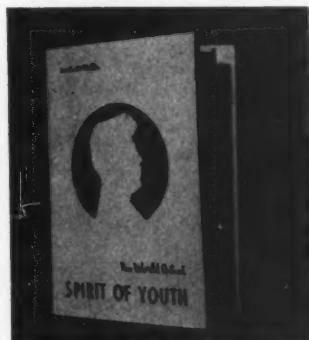
#### Edwin Keiffer

Vigorously, almost brusquely, painted, Keiffer's work is marked by expressionist and fauvist tendencies. If his sense of space is sometimes semi-naturalistic, sometimes quite abstract, his emphasis is on an almost posterish surface. Direct and lively brushwork, however, redeems the character of his paintings. (Perdalm.)—S.F.

#### Art Tieger

In his first one-man show, this young artist pulls out all the stops, as it were, to make his themes emphatic. He secures this emphasis by using hot color in impinging areas and in broad stripes—horizontal, vertical, diagonal. This striation sometimes supports the design, sometimes confuses it by stressing detail.

If it does not live up to the calendar, *Colorstorm in March* lives up to its title. It shows a heavily pigmented yellow mass rising, fountain-like, above planes of blue, mauve and black, with notes of green added. (Artists, to Dec. 3.)—M.B.



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## Auctions

Forthcoming sales at Parke-Bernet Galleries, through November 28, will feature more furniture and furnishings, fewer works of art. Coming up November 20 is a sale of English, American and French period furniture and decorations, including Chippendale, Queen Anne and other period pieces, along with early 19th-century American furniture of New England origin. In the group of paintings and drawings from various schools there is a portrait of the daughter of Patrick Henry by James Sharples, the Elder.

On November 24 Parke-Bernet will hold a sale of modern French and other graphic art, mostly lithographs and etchings, including works by Braque, Cézanne, Chagall, Modigliani, Picasso, Renoir, Utrillo and others.

Reference works from an estate in Pennsylvania are scheduled for sale November 24 and 25 at Parke-Bernet; titles of the books to be sold concern furniture, painting, engraving, manuscripts and incunabula. The lot also includes catalogues of famous public and private book and art collections.

## Auction Calendar

November 19, 9:30 A.M. & 1:30 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. A sale of French & English furniture, paintings & prints, Staffordshire ware, Chinese art, oriental rugs, decorative furniture for terrace & garden from the property of the estate of the late Samuel Katz, sold by order of the executors on the premises of Fairlawn Farms, Port Chester, New York. Exhibition November 17 & 18 from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

November 18 & 19, 10 A.M. Plaza Art Galleries. A sale of art properties contained in the Fifth Avenue mansion, 2 East 79th Street, the estate of Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., sold by order of the United States Trust Co., of N. Y., executors. Exhibition November 16 & 17 from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

November 20, 10:15 A.M. & 1:45 P.M. & November 21, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. A sale of English, American & French period furniture & decorations, including upholstered furniture of contemporary design, Worcester, Rockingham & other old English porcelain & Oriental & Lowestoft ware from the property of the estate of the late William K. Dick, removed from his residence at Allen Winden estate, Ilip, L. I., & sold by order of Mrs. William K. Dick; also property of Mrs. Ernest C. Wagner, Red Top Farm, Southampton, L. I., & others. Exhibition from November 14.

November 24, 8 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. A sale of modern French art, comprising lithographs, etchings & other graphic work from the property of Dora Hesse, Hartford, Conn., & S. Benjamin, New York, sold by their order. Sale includes works by Bonnard, Braque, Cézanne, a large group of Chagall, Daumier, Delacroix, Dufy, Kandinsky, Kollwitz, Matisse, Manet, Modigliani, Picasso, Pissarro, Redon, Renoir, Rodin, Rouault & others. Exhibition from November 17.

November 24 & 25, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. A sale of reference works sold in settlement of a Pennsylvania estate by order of the trustees, including books on furniture, painting, engraving, manuscripts & incunabula; catalogues of famous public & private book & art collections. Exhibition from November 18.

November 25, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. A sale of arms & armor including firearms; continental silver of the 17th & 18th centuries; brass & d'Alençon; & Italian, French & Flemish renaissance furniture & decorations, from the property of Alfred Maraden Scott, New York, William G. Luke, Pelham, N. Y., Ruzena & Emil Turnovsky, Forest Hills, L. I., & other owners. Exhibition from November 21.

November 27 & 28, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. A sale of English & other 18th-century furniture, Georgian silver & Sheffield plate, Dresden & other decorative porcelains from the property of Morris Simons, removed from his residence at Premium Point, New Rochelle, N. Y., & from other owners. Exhibition from November 21. (Galleries closed November 26, Thanksgiving Day.)

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Art Digest



**Coast-to-Coast** continued from page 16

tion tripled, and the whales remain closer to horses than water. It is beginning to look very much as if it will take a Hercules to move them out of these Augean stables.

The 17th Annual Watercolor Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association (at the Museum of Art) and the 14th Annual Exhibition of the Society of Western Artists (at the De Young) closed this week after glaring at each other across the city like two in-laws who never could get along, the former dressed in the latest abstract styles, the latter showing nothing but the best conventional habit. No petticoat showed at the De Young: there was not one non-

**Coast-to-Coast Notes** continued from page 16

of the institute staff designed the show. One of the installations is a Christmas tree constructed of cables, with varicolored bands of anodized aluminum that have been garlanded with kitchen utensils and other gift suggestions.

**Newark, New Jersey:** Work by the Associated Artists of New Jersey is being shown on the fourth floor of the Newark Public Library through December 1. The exhibition is made up of paintings and sculpture with a special section devoted to prints and drawings. After the Newark showing, the exhibition will go to the Plainfield Public Library in January, the Summit Art Association in February and the New Jersey College for Women in March.

**Houston, Texas:** Thousands of Texans are making a trek to Houston for the Allied Arts Association second annual art festival which continues through November 21. While the festival embraces all the arts and crafts, of special importance this year is the outdoor sculpture show, titled "75 Years of Sculpture," which is being held in the courtyard of the Houston Museum of Fine Arts. For it, 20 works have been assembled, dating from Rodin and representing Renoir, Picasso, Degas, Callery, Calder and others. The Mu-

seum is also presenting the 15th annual Texas painting and sculpture exhibition, comprising 92 paintings and nine sculptures by 88 state artists. Climax of the festival will be the beaux arts ball on November 21.

**New Haven, Connecticut:** Yale's new art gallery and design center is now open. The structure, designed by Lewis I. Kahn in



Yale Art Gallery and Design Center

collaboration with Douglas Orr, and said to be one of the most advanced-design buildings on an American campus, is to be used for gallery purposes and for art, architectural, city planning, graphic arts and other classes. In the gallery, a selected exhibition of modern paintings and sculpture from Yale's collection is being shown, along with a smaller display that traces the evolution of the building beginning with the original plans of the 1920s. The exhibitions continue through November 29.

**San Francisco, California:** Indian art and crafts from all parts of the U.S. and Alaska are being shown in an exhibition of woodwork, metalwork, textiles, ceramics and basketry which remains on view at the M. H. De Young Memorial Museum through December 6. Eskimos and Indians from Alaska are represented in the show, as are tribes from all over the United States.

**Washington, D. C.:** The Barnett Aden gallery is celebrating the 10th anniversary of its opening with an exhibition of work by 18 Washington painters, on view through December. Among the artists shown are Jacob Kainen, Theresa Schwartz, James A. Porter and William Calfee.

**St. Augustine, Florida:** Construction has started on the St. Augustine Art Association's museum and art center at the corner of Charlotte, Marine and Cadiz Streets. The St. Augustine group has over 700 members from 29 states, the District of Columbia, Canada and Alaska.

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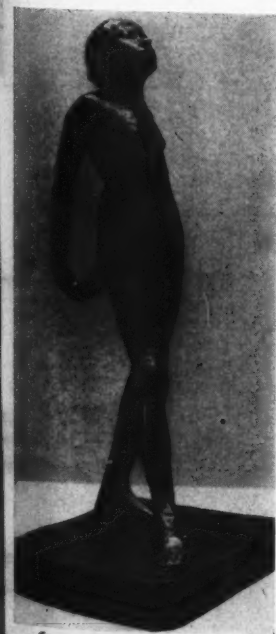
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## Where to Show

### National

#### Baltimore, Maryland

BALTIMORE WATERCOLOR CLUB 49TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Feb. 16-Mar. 14. Baltimore Museum of Art. Media: watercolor and gouache. Entry fee \$2. Jury. Prizes. Write Roland Bogia, 808 Brook Road.

#### Cincinnati, Ohio

COLOR LITHOGRAPHY 3RD INTERNATIONAL BIENNIAL. Apr. 1-30. Media: color lithographs. Jury. Entry blanks due Jan. 1. Entries due Jan. 8. Write Print Department, Cincinnati Art Museum, Eden Park

#### Hartford, Connecticut

CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS 4TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. May 1-23. Avery Memorial Galleries. Media: oil, sculpture and print. Entry fee \$4. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks due Apr. 24. Write Louis J. Fusari, Sec'y, P.O. Box 204.

#### New York, New York

AMERICAN ARTISTS PROFESSIONAL LEAGUE GRAN NATIONAL COMPETITION. Apr. 3-19. National Arts Club. Open to members. Media: oil, watercolor, pastel and drawing. Entry fee \$4. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Mar. 31. Write Boylan Fitz-Gerald, AAPL Headquarters, 15 Gramercy Park.

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY 8TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Feb. 25-Mar. 14. National Academy Galleries. Media: watercolor and pastel. Entry fee \$5. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Feb. 11. Write Cyril A. Lewis, 175 Fifth Ave.

AUDUBON ARTISTS 12TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Jan. 21-Feb. 7. National Academy Galleries. Media: all. Entry fee \$4. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks and entries due Jan. 7. Write Elizabeth Erlanger, 1083 Fifth Ave.

CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE ART CLUB. Mar. 15-31. National Arts Club. Open to all women artists. Media: oil, watercolor and sculpture. Entry fee \$4. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks due Mar. 1. Entries due Mar. 12. Write Dorothy Drew, 448 East 58th Street.

CITY CENTER GALLERY EXHIBITION. Dec. 1-Jan. 3. Media: oil. Entry fee \$1. Entries due Nov. 20. Write Ruth Yates, Director, 58 West 57th Street.

KNICKERBOCKER ARTISTS 7TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Feb. 28-Mar. 13. National Arts Club. Media: oil, watercolor, casein, graphic and sculpture. Entry fee \$5. Prizes. Entries due Feb. 24. Write May Heilmons, 1915 Morris Ave., Bronx 53.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTISTS 38TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION AND 15TH ANNUAL MINIATURE EXHIBITION. Feb. 5-27. Kennedy Galleries. Media: intaglio, relief and planographic. Entry fee. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Jan. 11. Write S.A.G.A., 1083 5th Avenue.

#### Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS 149TH EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE. Jan. 24-Feb. 28. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks and entries due Dec. 21. Write Pennsylvania Academy, Broad and Cherry Streets.

#### Portland, Maine

3RD ANNUAL PRINT EXHIBITION. Jan. 3-24. L.D.M. Sweat Memorial Art Museum. Media: all print. Entry fee \$2. Jury. Prizes. Write Bernice Breck, 111 High Street.

7TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Feb. 28-Mar. 28. L.D.M. Sweat Memorial Art Museum. Media: oil, watercolor and pastel. Entry fee \$3. Jury. Write Bernice Breck, 111 High Street.

#### St. Augustine, Florida

ST. AUGUSTINE ART ASSOCIATION JANUARY EXHIBITION. Jan. 3-Feb. 3. Media: oil and watercolor. Entry fee \$3 dues; \$1 hanging fee. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks due Dec. 23. Entries due Dec. 26. Write St. Augustine Art Association.

#### Sarasota, Florida

SARASOTA ART ASSOCIATION 4TH NATIONAL WATERCOLOR ANNUAL. Jan. 10-30. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks and entries due Dec. 29. Write National, P.O. Box 1907.

#### Seattle, Washington

NORTHWEST PRINTMAKERS 26TH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. Mar. 11-Apr. 4. Media: all print except monotype. Entry fee \$2. Jury. Purchase prizes. Entry cards and entries due Feb. 15. Write Clarence Harris, 316 N. 73rd.

#### Springfield, Massachusetts

ACADEMIC ARTISTS ASSOCIATION 5TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Mar. 7-Apr. 4. For artists working in traditional or academic manners. Media: oil, watercolor and print. Entry fee \$3 for non-members. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks and entries due Feb. 26. Write Mrs. Mary L. Keefe, Academic Artists Association, P.O. Box 1769.

SPRINGFIELD ART LEAGUE 35TH ANNUAL JURY SHOW. Mar. 7-28. Media: oil, watercolor, casein, pastel, gouache, print, drawing and sculpture. Entry fee \$4. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Feb. 24. Write Springfield Art League.

#### Wichita, Kansas

WICHITA KANSAS ART ASSOCIATION GALLERIES DECORATIVE ARTS-CERAMIC EXHIBITION. Apr. 11-May 11. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Mar. 16. Write Maude Schollenberger, 401 North Belmont Avenue.

### Regional

#### Birmingham, Alabama

THE WATERCOLOR SOCIETY OF ALABAMA 14TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Jan. 3-30. Media: watercolor, gouache and casein. Entry fee \$1. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks and entries due Dec. 18. Write Belle Comer, Museum of Art, City Hall.

#### Decatur, Illinois

CENTRAL ILLINOIS ARTISTS 10TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Jan. 17-Feb. 14. Decatur Illinois Art Center. Open to Illinois artists living within a 150-mile radius of Decatur. Media: oil, watercolor and sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Dec. 16. Write Jarold Talbot, Dir., Decatur Art Center.

#### East Orange, New Jersey

ART CENTRE OF THE ORANGES 3RD ANNUAL STATE EXHIBITION. Mar. 7-20. Open to New Jersey artists. Media: oil and watercolor. Entry fee \$3. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks due Feb. 17. Entries due Feb. 21. Write Lillian W. Althofen, 116 Prospect Street.

#### Hartford, Connecticut

CONNECTICUT WATERCOLOR SOCIETY 16TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Dec. 5-Jan. 3. Wadsworth Athenaeum. Open to full or part-time residents of Connecticut. Media: watercolor and gouache. Entry fee for non-members \$5. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks and entries due Nov. 27. Write Frances Schaffer, 34 Kenyon Street.

#### Omaha, Nebraska

MIDWEST 3RD BIENNIAL EXHIBITION. Feb. 1-Mar. 28. Open to artists living in Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, North and South Dakota and Wyoming. Media: painting, sculpture and graphic. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks and entries due Jan. 26. Write Joselyn Art Museum, 2218 Dodge Street.

#### Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

METROPOLITAN PITTSBURGH'S EDUCATIONAL T.V. STATION WQED EXHIBITION. Feb. 1-Apr. 30. Open to all artists receiving test signals from WQED in Jan. Media: oil, watercolor, drawing and print. Jury. Prizes. Write Anita Morgenstern, Station WQED, 5th and Bellefield Avenues.

#### Youngstown, Ohio

BUTLER ART INSTITUTE 6TH ANNUAL CERAMIC SHOW. Jan. 1-31. Open to present or former residents of Ohio. Entry fee. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Dec. 15. Write Sec'y., Butler Art Institute.

### Scholarships

INSTITUTO ALLENDE SCHOLARSHIP. One scholarship covering a full scholastic year (Jan. 1-Dec. 1) including room, board and tuition; 10 additional scholarships covering tuition only. Applicants must submit photos of recent work, summary of training, and letters from former teachers by Dec. 1. Write Instituto Allende, San Miguel de Allende, Gto, Mexico.

ROME PRIZE FELLOWSHIPS. American Academy in Rome fellowships for work in architecture, landscape architecture, musical composition, painting, sculpture, history of art and classical studies. Applications due Jan. 1. Write Executive Secretary, American Academy in Rome, 101 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

BEAUX-ARTS INSTITUTE OF DESIGN LLOYD WARREN SCHOLARSHIP. Open to any United States citizen under 30 July 1, 1954, who holds a degree in architecture or is scheduled to receive one, or who has the equivalent. Stipend of \$5,000 awarded on basis of solution of architectural problem. Applications must be filed by Feb. 1. Write Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, 115 East 40th Street, New York 16, New York.

CALIFORNIA COLLEGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOLARSHIPS. High school seniors and junior college students may compete for 15 \$200 awards; 15 other awards for students planning to enter CCAC for the Spring term. Portfolios of six examples, or six examples of crafts and sculpture, must be at CCAC by December 11. For entry blanks write Scholarship Competition, California College of Arts and Crafts, College and Broadway, Oakland 18, California.

### Competitions

PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT COMPETITION: Co-sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art and Parents Magazine. Prizes totaling \$2,000 plus royalties for designs of sculptural playground fixtures. Entries should be adaptable for parks, housing developments and school playgrounds. Entries due January 15. Write Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, New York 19, New York.

NEGRO HISTORY WEEK BLACK AND WHITE POSTER COMPETITION. Sponsored by the New York Council of Arts, Sciences and Professions and Tuskegee Institute. Posters may take up any facet of Negro life, historical or contemporary. Jury includes Charles White, Robert Gwathmey, Vicki Garvin, Charles Collins, Sidney Laufman and Marvel Cooke. Write Art Division, New York Council Arts, Sciences and Profession, 35 West 64th Street.

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## Symposium: Russell continued from page 13

raw assembly-line product for the needs of mass culture, and imagined differences in it are defended or attacked with chauvinistic ferocity by the very same critics who ignored the original modern masters.

I return to the human figure in order to shorten my lines of communication with the world of visual phenomena, to reduce the problems of painting to the scale of my own possibilities of expression, and to learn more about the rudiments of painting. The challenge of the drawing and painting of the figure is nevertheless a formidable one, enough to have occupied the whole history of civilization; certainly it will be enough to occupy me as a painter.

The limitations of the non-objective idiom are its vastness, its lack of measure, its all-inclusiveness. It tends to equate all possible knowledge—especially intuitions of extra-spatial, non-Euclidian metaphors; the language of sign and symbol; the unconscious, and the laws of chance. I would like to see these concepts transferred to the everyday sensual world and developed in the language of traditional painting; there they could be more potent and contribute actively to our existential possibilities. The sheer ecstasy of discovery is not enough. Painting must again be the inspiration of poet and philosopher.

Another obvious limitation of the modern idiom is that it has failed to preserve the message of the art of past great epochs and has even discredited it. The result is that today we have no Apelles, Giorgione or Goya, nor even the possibility of such painters being allowed to exist. Hence we speak of the "dead art" of the past. But our recent past is dead, too, for have not the discoveries of modern abstract masters—Kandinsky, Torres Garcia, Boccioni, Malevitch, Gonzales, Arp, Brancusi, etc.—been abused, plagiarized and muddled up by "Apes of God"?

The intense concentration on plastic problems in the non-objective idiom has limited the non-plastic expressive possibilities inherent in older painting—before Delacroix, the lyricism, idyllic, pathos, drama, *bel canto*, the Dantesque, Byronic, the Aeschylean. Every facet of these human emotional qualities can be expressed more poignantly and directly via the human figure than via a non-objective equivalence.

The shabby minds entrenched in contemporary pseudo-academic, realist and other forms of figure painting have proved themselves unequal to the task and now flatteringly call themselves humanists in an opportunistic attempt

to bluster into a comeback. I believe the language of traditional painting can only be revived by painters who have been absorbed in the non-objective world for several years but who return to the human figure and find it as elusive a mystery as non-objective form (i.e., the miracle of rediscovery and Dionysian rebirth).

It is my belief that the painter has a chance of survival as an individual in objective painting provided that a very definite ideal and set of criteria for its practice are established, making it a disciplined ritual, like chess, a ritual in which the performer, the virtuoso, is master. This, of course, can be done with certain non-objective forms as in neoplasticism, but I believe the human form offers more field for action. Also, the obvious difficulty of mastering the human form will discourage the dilettantes and perhaps reduce the vast number of painters and finally establish the difference between artist and non-artist. I don't believe a scoundrel has ever drawn a man, although many have tried, like the hacks of "Reality" with their crocodile-tear humanism.

Duchamp, Léger, Picabia, Chirico, Masson, Hayter, have tragically re-interpreted the figure for our times—the figure of the "Brave New World," the Ballet Mechanique, Sweeney, Daedalus, Babbit, willing victims of the cult of "progress," collectivized and brutalized. This is the final interpretation of the human figure for our time, and it will be valid until the extinction of the human species. All that is left is retrogression—Nazi and Soviet official art and its U. S. equivalent, social realism, brown academism, semi-surrealism and commercial illustration which is what a mobocracy really wants anyway. The mass exodus of many recent vociferous exponents of non-objective painting will produce figure paintings on the same level but camouflaged by a "modern" tone borrowed from a misunderstood non-objective idiom. And it will glorify conscription, aspirin or some art critic.

But in France and Italy there is a faint hint of past greatness, a rapport with the message of the masters, in the figure paintings of Giacometti, Filippi de Pisis, Derain, Campigli, Fausto Pirandello. This may lead to a re-interpretation of the art of the past valid for these times, providing we re-interpret the times or reject them altogether. I believe one must be out of key with the times in order to see them at all; one must always be against the grain and never forget his contempt for the botched and bungled mob.

## Symposium: Ferren continued from page 13

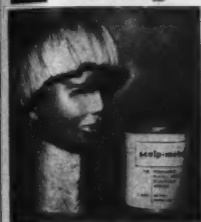
has found its communicable art form outside of painting. To me, it is experienced better plastically and humanly in giant close-ups moving in sequence across a movie or TV screen.

Some younger painters, after a traumatic voyage through the heavenly vistas of abstraction and the wild psychological world of abstract expressionism, found the figure, and relief. So young to commit the final revolt of ac-

cepting convention! Here the use of figure, with the creative exceptions, shows more personal insecurity than deficiencies in the abstract idiom.

If some artists feel a deficiency in abstract idioms it is from a confusion of manner and substance. Abstraction has been officially buried every 10 years for the same reason. Any valid re-interpretation of the human figure must come from "within" the matrix. I see

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## Symposium: Ferren continued

a break further yet from tradition be-  
fore that can be accomplished. We are  
in a false dawn.

Walking a razor's edge is better than  
turning to bite your tail. My wife said:  
"Shades of Chirico; old abstractionists  
never die, they just figure away." I  
don't believe it.

## Symposium: Greene

(continued from page 12)

dynamic element. When the painting is  
done, the figure may not be recognizable  
by myself or by other people. Always,  
I think it makes itself felt. This does not  
mean uncertainty, or ambiguity as one  
refers to it in exact expositions. A paint-  
ing always convinces at some risk of not  
meaning to.

Notwithstanding my belief that a  
painting gropes its way to life in mark-  
ed relationship with man's total pursuit  
of what he considers progress, there is  
yet a finality about a work of art which  
is its greatest advantage over the living  
human. I have no patience with theories  
of "the painting alive and unfinished"  
which will excuse the artist's maladroitness  
at composition and expression.

## Symposium: Soyier

(continued from page 12)

the "rediscovers" of the human figure  
will paint it sincerely without the self-  
conscious effort to paint it as it has never  
been painted before. They need not fear  
that they will thus be submerging them-  
selves. "Do not cultivate your person-  
ality," advised Raoul Dufy. "Try more  
to approach that which is common to  
all men. Originality (*per se*) is a mon-  
strosity."

The "re-discoverers" of the human  
figure are not unique. They serve as a  
barometer of the art atmosphere in the  
world today. There is a universal trend  
towards representationalism and hu-  
manism. The roving reporters who sup-  
ply our art magazines with news of  
latest art developments in Paris and  
elsewhere, have, in their partisanship,  
seen fit to ignore this movement. In  
Paris, from January to March, this year,  
there was the second annual showing of  
painters who decided to paint man and  
his life representationally. Among the  
participants were: Matisse, Picasso,  
Chagall, Roualt, Dufy, Gromaire, Vil-  
lon, Léger, Humblot, Bianchon, Oudot,  
Buffet and many others. Significantly,  
the catalogue of this show is called "Le  
Peintres Temoins de Leur Temps"—  
painters as witnesses of their time.  
Their time, which is our time as well—  
realistically witnessed.

• Next symposium, in the December 15,  
issue will deal with the subject of re-  
ligion in art today. Participants will in-  
clude Anton Refregier, Nicolas Calas,  
David Smith, Jacques Lipchitz, Ibram  
Lassaw and Percival Goodman.

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# Calendar of Exhibitions

**AKRON, OHIO**  
Institute To Dec. 1: Sutherland; Moore;  
To Dec. 4: Industrial Design.

**ALBANY, N. Y.**  
Institute To Nov. 30: Albany Artists.

**ALBION, MICH.**  
College To Nov. 22: B. Shahn.

**ANN ARBOR, MICH.**  
Univ. Museum To Dec. 6: Fleischman  
Coll.

**ATHENS, GA.**  
Museum To Nov. 20: New England  
Prints; Nov. 20-Dec. 1: Japanese work.

**ATLANTA, GA.**  
Art Assoc. Nov. 29-Dec. 27: Hallmark  
Awards.

**BALTIMORE, MD.**  
Museum To Nov. 30: 7 Pts. of Israel.  
Walters Gallery To Dec. 5: Med. Arts  
of Islam.

**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**  
Museum To Dec. 12: Pre-Columbian Art;  
8 Mod. Amer.

**BOSTON, MASS.**  
Brown Nov. 23-Dec. 12: Chi Kwan Chen.  
Childs Nov.: Old & Modern.  
Doll & Richards To Dec. 5: M. S. Lazarov.  
Institute Nov. 19-Dec. 30: Design for  
Christmas.

**Mirski Nov.: Group.**  
Museum To Dec. 15: Japanese Ptg. &  
Sculp.

**Vose To Nov. 28: Amer. Masters.**

**CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**  
Museum To Nov. 28: Europ. Post-War  
Posters.

**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**  
Mint Museum To Dec. 3: Art in Everyday  
Living.

**CHATTANOOGA, TENN.**  
Art Assoc. Nov.: Cont. Amer.

**CHICAGO, ILL.**  
Arts Club To Dec. 1: L. MacIver; A.  
Giacometti.

**Franklin Nov.: Surrealism.**  
Holmes To Nov. 28: A. Candido.  
Institute Nov.: 15th C. German Pts;  
To Nov. 27: H. W. Sachs; To Dec. 13:  
Chicago Artists Annual; Nov. 20-  
Jan. 3: Japanese Pts.

**Lawson To Dec. 6: R. Weissenborn.**  
Main St. To Nov. 26: H. Erni.  
Newman Brown To Dec. 3: D. Duvig-  
neaud.

**Oehlischlaeger To Jan. 1: Cont. Amer.**

**CLAREMONT, CAL.**  
Pomona Coll. To Dec. 16: 20th C.  
Sculptors.

**CLEVELAND, OHIO**  
Art Colony Nov. 22-Dec. 6: Group.  
Museum To Dec. 13: Orozco Memorial;  
To Dec. 31: C. Burchfield.

**COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.**  
Arts Center To Nov. 30: M. Chenoweth;  
To Jan. 11: H. Toviish, M. Pineda,  
sculp.

**COLUMBIA, S. C.**  
Museum To Nov. 30: A. Weschler, sculp;  
C. Guignard.

**COLUMBUS, OHIO**  
Gallery To Dec. 26: "Accent on  
Tradition."

**Univ. To Dec. 5: Vasilieff.**

**DALLAS, TEX.**  
McLennan Gallery Nov.: Daumier-Dali.

**DAVENPORT, IOWA**  
Gallery To Nov. 29: S. Spaeth; Quad-  
City Ann'l.

**DAYTON, OHIO**  
Institute To Dec. 6: Dayton Ann'l; To  
Dec. 27: Print Ann'l.

**DES MOINES, IOWA**  
Art Center Nov.: J. House; N. Delavan;  
To Dec. 10: Cal. Wcol. Soc.

**DETROIT, MICH.**  
Institute To Nov. 29: Diogenes with a  
Camera; To Dec. 13: Mich. Artists.

**FLUSHING, N. Y.**  
St. John's Parish Hall To Nov. 21: Mem-  
bers Ann'l.

**GAINESVILLE, FLA.**  
Univ. Gallery Nov.: L. Quanchi.

**HARTFORD, CONN.**  
Atheneum To Nov. 29: Calder, Gabo.

**HOUSTON, TEX.**  
Cont. Arts Museum To Dec. 6: Use of Art.  
Museum To Nov. 28: Texas Ann'l.

**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**  
John Herron Inst. To Nov. 29: Whistler  
Pts.; Mod. Sculp.

**LONG BEACH, CAL.**  
Art Center To Dec. 6: Cal. Wcol. Soc.

**LOS ANGELES, CAL.**  
Art Assoc. To Dec. 5: "Artists Under 33."  
Cowie Nov.: Amer. Pigs.  
Hatfield Nov.: Fr. & Amer.  
Kantor Nov.: Cont. Amer.  
Landau Nov.: Cont. Amer.  
Lynch Nov.: L. Kester.  
Museum To Nov. 29: Frasconi Pts.  
Univ. Gallery To Dec. 21: "Collectors."

**LOUISVILLE, KY.**  
Junior Art Gallery To Nov. 28: "The  
Market."

**Speed Museum To Dec. 15: Gavarni Drgs.;  
Nov. 25-Dec. 16: Amer. Art.**

**MILWAUKEE, WISC.**  
Institute To Nov. 29: Designer-Craftsmen;  
Prints; P. Wierzbicki.

**Milwaukee College Nov.: D. Lutz.**

**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**  
Institute To Dec. 6: B. Shahn; To Dec.  
13: B. Morisot & Her Circle.  
Walker Center To Nov. 27: B. Benn; Nov.  
29-Jan. 10: J. Metzinger.

**MONTCLAIR, N. J.**  
Museum Nov. 22-Dec. 13: Wcols., Pts. &  
Drgs.

**NEWARK, N. J.**  
Museum From Nov. 15: N. J. Artists,  
Craftsmen.

**Public Library To Nov. 30: Assoc. Artists  
of N. J.**

**NEW ORLEANS, LA.**  
Delgado Museum To Jan. 10: La. Purchase  
—5 Centuries of Fr. Pigs.

**NORFOLK, VA.**  
Museum To Dec. 6: G. Matson.

**OAKLAND, CAL.**  
Gallery To Dec. 1: Nat'l League of Pen-  
women; Wcols.

**OMAHA, NEBR.**  
Joelyn Museum To Nov. 29: Art of Span-  
ish S. W.

**PASADENA, CAL.**  
Institute Nov. 29-Dec. 20: H. Lundberg.

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**  
Academy To Nov. 22: Wcol. & Pts. Ann'l;  
J. Greenberg, sculp.

**Alliance To Nov. 22: C. Fahrney; To  
Dec. 2: J. Chalfin; To Dec. 6: Regional  
Oil & Casein.**

**Blood, Inc. To Dec. 15: Brenner, Semple.  
Creative Nov.: Cont. Art.**

**De Braux Nov.: S. Martens.**

**Donovan To Nov. 30: R. Kapustin.**

**Hendler Nov.: F. Kline.**

**Lush Nov.: Cont. Pigs.**

**Museum To Nov. 29: Whistler Pts.; To  
Dec. 5: "Before Columbus."**

**Print Club To Nov. 27: B. R. Eyuboglu.**

**Schurz Foundation Nov.: F. Janschka.**

**Sketch Club To Nov. 29: Wm. A. Smith.**

**PITTSBURGH, PA.**  
Arts & Crafts Center Nov. 28-Dec. 28:  
Pittsburgh Wcol. Soc.

**Carnegie To Apr. 15: Arms & Armor.**

**PITTSFIELD, MASS.**  
Berkshire Museum To Nov. 29: Hudson  
River Pigs.

**PORTLAND, ME.**  
Sweat Museum To Nov. 30: Field Coll.

**PORTLAND, ORE.**  
Museum To Nov. 29: Harnett and His  
School; Nov. 27-Jan. 3: "To Do With  
Things."

**POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.**  
Three Arts Nov.: J. Southard.

**READING, PA.**  
Museum To Nov. 29: Regional Annual.

**RICHMOND, VA.**  
Museum Nov. 27-Jan. 3: Steinberg.

**ST. LOUIS, MO.**  
Museum To Dec. 1: Van Gogh; Prints.

**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**  
University Gallery Nov. Dec.: "The Ein-  
Flous On."

**SAN ANTONIO, TEX.**  
White Museum To Nov. 29: State Crafts;  
Nat'l Serigraph Soc.

**SAN DIEGO, CAL.**  
Gallery To Nov. 28: "Smith College Col-  
lects."

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**  
Area Arts To Nov. 27: T. Wolf.  
Cal. Palace Nov.: Treen.

**De Young Museum From Nov. 21: M. Hei-  
mann; From Nov. 24: F. De Erdely,  
Gump's To Nov. 23: E. L. Packard; D.  
Mendelowitz.**

**(Museum Nov.: Mex. Prints.)**

**Rotunda To Nov. 30: Arnautoff, Post,  
Wasserman.**

**SANTA BARBARA, CAL.**  
Museum To Dec. 6: N. Muzenic; Nov.:  
Treasure Sale.

**SARASOTA, FLA.**  
Ringling Museum Nov. 29-Dec. 21: M.  
Hartley.

**SEATTLE, WASH.**  
Museum To Dec. 6: D. Lutz; E. Ewing.

**SIOUX CITY, IOWA**  
Art Center Nov.: Iowa Wcol. Ann'l.

**SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**  
Smith Museum Nov.: Art League Ann'l.

**SYRACUSE, N. Y.**  
Lowe Art Center Nov.: Classics of Japa-  
nese Prints.

**TOLEDO, OHIO**  
Museum Nov.: Toledo Architecture.

**UTICA, N. Y.**  
Munson-Williams-Proctor Nov.: Mod. Ptg.

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
Corcoran Nov. 21-Jan. 3: Area Annual.  
National To Dec. 6: Cont. Amer. Indian  
Pig.

**Smithsonian To Nov. 29: E. Higgins.**

**Wash. Univ. To Nov. 30: A. Stone.**

**Whyte Gallery Nov.: Cont. Arts.**

**WILMINGTON, DEL.**  
Art Center To Nov. 25: Sironi, Marini.

**WORCESTER, MASS.**  
Museum To Nov. 25: Mod. Etchings; To  
Jan. 3: C. Hassam.

**YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO**  
Butler Institute Nov.: Area Artists.

## New York City Museums

**Brooklyn (Eastern Pkway) To Jan. 4:**  
Designer Craftsmen, U.S.A.; Mod.  
European Prints.

**City of N. Y. (5th at 103) "Tides of  
Time;" "Distinguished Gadgets."**

**Cooper Union (Cooper Sq.) Nov. 24-  
Jan. 9: Puerto Rican Santos.**

**Guggenheim (5th at 88) To Dec. 1:**  
Frank Lloyd Wright, Sixty Years of  
Living Architecture.

**Jewish (5th at 92) To Dec. 1: Max Band.**

**Metropolitan (5th at 82) To Jan. 3: Art  
& Anatomy.**

**Modern (11 W 53) To Nov. 30: Good  
Design; To Dec. 28: Children's Toys;  
To Jan. 4: Leger.**

**Morgan Library (29 E 36) To Jan. 1:**  
The Italian Manuscript.

**Natural History (Cent. Pk. W. at 79)  
To Dec. 6: Art Work, N. Y. Public  
Schools.**

**N. Y. Historical Society (Cent. Pk. W.  
at 77) Wintertime in Old New York.**

**Riverside (310 Riv. Dr. at 103) To Nov.  
29: League of Present Day Artists.**

**Whitney (10 W 8) To Dec. 6: 1953  
Annual, Cont. Amer. Pig.**

## GALLERIES

**A.A.A. (711 5th) Nov. 16-Dec. 5:**  
"Wet Paint."

**A.C.A. (63 E 57) To Nov. 28: H.  
Sternberg.**

**Alan (32 E 65) To Nov. 21: J. Levine;  
Nov. 23-Dec. 24: C. Cloar; R. Knips-  
child.**

**Argent (67 E 59) To Nov. 28: F. Coll.  
Artisans (32 W 58) To Dec. 5: M.  
Cardinal.**

**Artists (851 Lex. at 64) To Dec. 3:**  
A. Tieger.

**A.S.L. (215 W 57) Nov.: "Artists' Faces."**

**Babcock (38 E 57) To Nov. 21: H. Maril;  
Nov. 23-Dec. 31: Intimate Pigs.**

**Barblion, Little (63 & Lex.) Nov.: D.  
Stewart.**

**Barzanky (664 Mad. at 61) To Nov. 21:**  
C. Green.

**Borgenicht (61 E 57) To Nov. 21:**  
Pederli; Nov. 23-Dec. 12: M. Avery.

**Cadby-Birch (21 E 63) To Dec. 12: G.  
Bouche.**

**Caravan (132 E 65) To Nov. 27: Repre-  
sentational Art.**

**Carlsbach (937 3rd) Nov.: Pre-Columbian  
Art.**

**Carstairs (11 E 57) To Nov. 28: Cont.  
Fr.**

**Circle & Square (16 W 58) Nov.:  
African Art.**

**City Center (131 W 55) Nov.: Avant-  
Guard.**

**Coeval (100 W 56) To Nov. 28: Cont.  
Amer.**

**Collins (200 E 56) Nov. 30-Dec. 19:**  
Logsdon.

**Contemporary Arts (106 E 57) To Nov.  
20: Twardowicz; To Nov. 27: Small  
Pigs.**

**Cooper (313 W 53) To Nov. 27: R.  
Slutsky.**

**Coronet (106 E 60) Nov.: Mod. Fr.**

**Creative (108 W 56) Nov.: Groups.**

**Crespi (205 E 58) Nov. 19-28: Miniature  
Pigs.**

**Davis (231 E 60) To Nov. 21: Shikler;  
Nov. 23-Dec. 12: Gerlach.**

**Delius (470 Park) To Dec. 15: Toulouse-  
Lautrec.**

**Downtown (32 E 51) Nov. 24-Dec. 31:**  
Small Pigs.

**Durlacher (11 E 57) Nov. 17-Dec. 12:**  
Leonid.

**Duveen (18 E 79) Nov.: Old Masters.**

**Eggleston (969 Mad. at 76) Nov. 23-  
Dec. 26: Emily Lowe Awards.**

**Eighth St. (33 W 8) To Nov. 29: M.  
Albers; K. Howe.**

**F.A.R. (746 Mad. at 65) To Nov. 23:**  
G. McKay.

**Feigl (601 Mad.) Nov.: Group.**

**Ferargil (19 E 55) Contact F. N. Price.**

**Fine Arts Assoc. (41 E 57) To Nov. 22:**  
Fr. Art-1900.

**Fried (6 E 65) Nov.: M. Russell.**

**Friedman (20 E 49) Nov.: O. Herman.**

**Gallery East (7 Ave. A) To Dec. 3:**  
H. Mesibor; J. Ernst.

**Galerie Moderne (49 W 53) To Dec. 6:**  
H. Paris.

**Galerie St. Etienne (46 W 57) To Nov.  
28: J. Scharl.**

**Galerie Sudamericana (866 Lex.) To Nov.  
28: Wcols, Prints.**

**Ganso (125 E 57) To Nov. 21: H. Mandel;  
Nov. 23-Dec. 12: D. Shapiro.**

**Grand Central (15 Vand.) To Nov. 21:**  
G. Grant; Nov. 17-28: H. Pushman;  
Nov. 24-Dec. 5: H. Olsen.

**Grand Central Moderns (120 E 57)  
Nov. 28-Dec. 12: E. Edwards.**

**Hacker (24 W 58) To Nov. 28: R.  
Newell.**

**Hanna (70 E 12) To Nov. 23: B. Forst;  
Nov. 24-Dec. 7: R. Stankiewicz.**

**Heller (63 E 57) To Nov. 21: F. Serger;  
Nov. 23-Dec. 6: J. Wylie.**

**Hewitt (18 E 69) To Nov. 28: D.  
Maloney.**

**Hugo (26 E 55) To Nov. 28: M. Arriva-  
bene.**

**Jackson (22 E 66) Nov. 18-Dec. 5: S.  
Brenner.**

**Jacobi (46 W 52) To Dec. 5: Prints.**

**Janis (15 E 57) To Dec. 5: Mondrian.**

**Karlis (35 E 60) Nov.: Pigs, Sculp.**

**Kaufmann (Lex. at 92) To Dec. 6:**  
"New Yorkers Live Here."

**Kennedy (785 5th at 59) Nov.: Carrier &  
Ives; Audubon's Birds.**

**Knoedler (14 E 57) To Nov. 28: G.  
Inness.**

**Kootz (600 Mad. at 58) Nov. 16-Dec. 12:**  
H. Hofmann.

**Korman (835 Mad.) To Nov. 21:**  
Casarelli; Nov. 24-Dec. 12: Rogalski.

**Kottler (108 E 57) Nov. 16-28: M. Bausch.**

**Kraushaar (32 E 57) To Nov. 28: K.  
Evert.**

**Layton (197 Bleecker) To Dec. 25: Gift  
Pigs.**

**Levitt (35 E 49) Nov.: Group.**

**Little (68 Grnwh Ave.) Nov. 23-Dec. 12:**  
16th-18th C. Drgs.

**Living (883 1st at 50) Makoto Oike.**

**Matise (41 E 57) Nov. 17-Dec. 12: Miro,  
1953.**

**Matrix (26 St. Marks Pl.) Nov. 16-  
Dec. 5: F. Montgomery.**

**Midtown (17 E 57) To Nov. 28: Z.  
Szepesky.**

**Milch (55 E 57) Nov. 16-Dec. 5: O.  
Pleissner.**

**Nat'l Arts Club (15 Gram. Pk.) Nov. 18-  
30: Photo Engravers Art Soc.**

**New (601 Mad.) To Dec. 5: Group.**

**Newhouse (15 E 57) Old Masters.**

**New School (66 W 12) Nov. 18-Dec. 9:**  
A. Van Loen.

**Newton (11 E 57) To Nov. 22: A.  
Jonniaux.**

**Niveau (962 Mad. at 76) Fr. Pigs.**

**Parsons (15 E 57) Nov. 16-Dec. 5: Ad  
Reinhardt.**

**Passedoit (121 E 57) To Nov. 21: M.  
Davidson; Nov. 23-Dec. 12: Nordfeldt.**

**Pen & Brush Club (16 E 10) To Dec. 2:**  
Oils.

**Perdalima (110 E 57) Nov. 16-Dec. 4:**  
G. Leiber; J. Weinstein.

**Peridot (820 Mad.) Nov.: 16-Dec. 12:**  
R. Beck.

**Perls (32 E 58) To Dec. 5: Soutine.**

**Portraits (136 E 57) To Nov. 30: Cont.  
Portraits.**

**Rehn (663 5th) To Nov. 21: M. Kantor.**

**Rizani (107 MacDougal) Nov.: Groups.**

**Roko (51 Grnwh Ave.) To Dec. 11:**  
M. Heisig; B. Rosenquitt.

**Rosenberg (20 E 79) Nov.: Fr. Pigs.**

**Rosenthal (B'way at 13) Nov.: Group.**

**Saidenberg (10 E 77) To Nov. 21:**  
Leger; Nov. 23-Dec. 31: Picasso,  
Toulouse-Lautrec.

**Salmagondy (47 5th) Nov. 22-Dec. 18:**  
Thamé Box Annual.

**Salpeter (42 E 57) Nov. 16-Dec. 5: J.  
Kaplan.**

**Schaefer, B. (32 E 57) To Dec. 5:**  
3 Sculptors; H. Toledano.

**Sculpture Center (167 E 69) To Nov. 30:**  
Women Welders; Nov. 23-Dec. 19: E.  
Cook.

**Segy (708 Lex. at 57) Nov.: African  
Sculp.**

**Serigraph (38 W 58) To Jan. 9: Ser-  
igraphs for Christmas.**

**Stable (924 7th at 58) To Nov. 21: H.  
Crehan.**

**Tanager (90 E 10) To Nov. 20: E. Asher;  
Nov. 20-Dec. 5: G. Ortman.**

**The Contemporaries (959 Mad. at 75)  
Nov. 16-Dec. 5: A. Recz.**

**Tibor De Nagy (206 E 53) Nov. 17-Dec. 5:**  
H. Jackson.

**Town Hall Club (123 W 43) To Nov. 30:**  
Nat'l Soc. Pigs. in Casin.

**Valentin (32 E 57) To Nov. 21: Marini;  
Nov. 17-Dec. 12: Picasso.**

**Van Diemen-Lilienfeld (21 E 57) Nov.  
17-Dec. 3: E. Kaufmann.**

**Village Art Center (44 W 11) To Dec. 7:**  
Wcols.

**Viviano (42 E 57) To Nov. 28: B.  
Rosenthal.**

**Walker (117 E 57) Nov. 23-Dec. 12: K.  
Callahan.**

**Wellons (70 E 56) To Nov. 28: S.  
Livingston.**

**Weyhe (794 Lex. at 61) Nov. 23-Dec. 19:**  
Prints.

**Wildenstein (19 E 64) To Nov. 28: S.  
Alfred J. Mannings.**

**Willard (23 W 56) Nov. 17-Dec. 12:**  
M. Graves.

**Wittenborn (38 E 57) To Nov. 23:**  
Meistermann.



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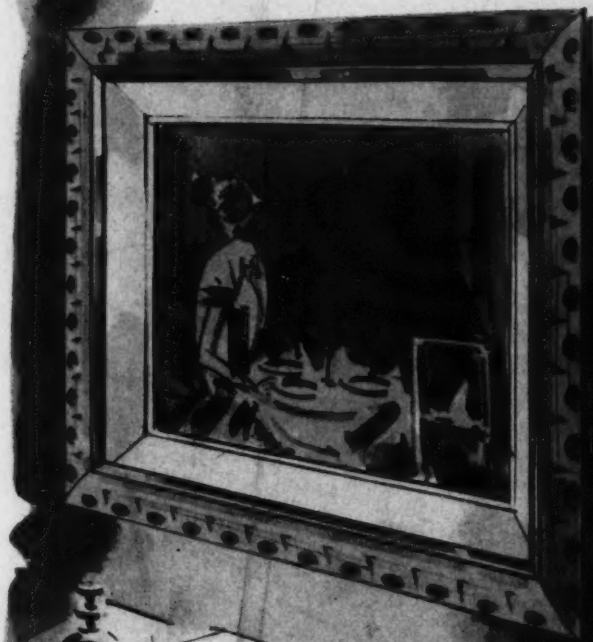
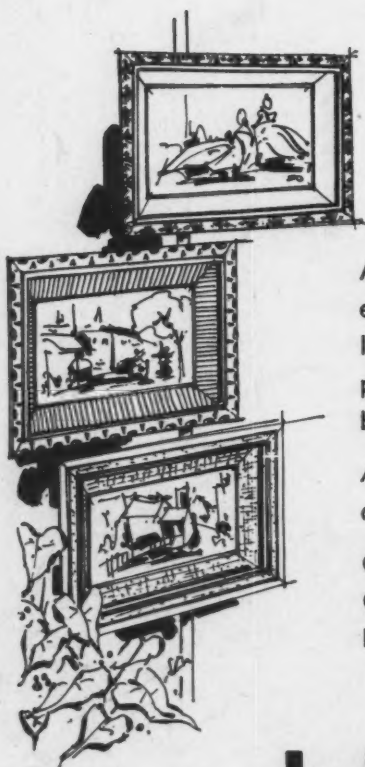
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